

THE  
**ATHENEUM;**  
OR,  
SPIRIT OF THE  
**ENGLISH MAGAZINES.**

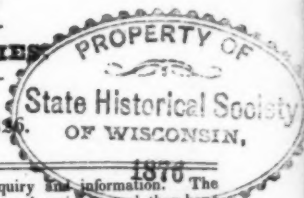
COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL  
SUBJECTS.  
MORAL STORIES.  
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT  
PERSONS.  
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.  
ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.  
INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE  
ARTS AND SCIENCES.  
DRAMATIC NOTICES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL  
REMARKS.  
REVIEWS OF THE FINE ARTS.  
TRANSACTIONS OF LITERARY AND  
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.  
ORIGINAL POETRY.  
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS,  
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;  
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL  
IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

**VOL. V. SECOND SERIES**

APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1836.



Monthly Magazines have opened the way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various, and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

**BOSTON :**

PUBLISHED BY JOHN COTTON,

(*Corner of Washington-Street and Franklin-Street.*)

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED ALSO BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS :—CHARLES S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK; WHIPPLE & LAWRENCE, SALEM; WILLIAM HILLIARD, CAMBRIDGE; J. W. FOSTER, PORTSMOUTH; PEARSON, LITTLE, & ROBINSON, PORTLAND; CLARENDON HARRIS, WORCESTER; GOODALE, GLAZIER & CO. HALLOWELL; T. DICKMAN, SPRINGFIELD; GEORGE DANA, PROVIDENCE; JOSIAH C. SHAW, NEW-FORT; GOODWIN & SONS, HARTFORD; HOWE & SPALDING, NEW-HAVEN; E. F. BACKUS, ALBANY; E. LITTELL, PHILADELPHIA; EDWARD J. COALE, BALTIMORE; J. THOMAS, GEORGETOWN; M. L. HURLBUT, CHARLESTON (S. C.); JOSEPH TARDIF, QUEBEC; WHITING & MOWER, MONTREAL; W. T. WILLIAMS, SAVANNAH, (GEO.); AND WILLIAM H. COFFIN, HUDSON, (N. Y.)

Price \$2.50 stitched; or \$3 bound.



AP83  
AT8

## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

WE now present our readers with a new volume of the *Atheneum*. For upwards of nine years this work has been before the public, without any material alteration in the plan : and the long-continued patronage of many highly respected friends, proves that our exertions to please have not been unavailing. It will be perceived that we have improved the typography of the work, and we shall make such improvements as it may be thought will render it more worthy of patronage. The lithographic designs we have given were not promised at the commencement of the work, but we shall continue to publish them, at intervals, whenever an interesting subject presents itself. The *Atheneum* is calculated for the fireside ; no tale which can call a blush to the cheek of beauty, no political or religious controversy is admitted to its pages ; but we strive to select articles which may serve to amuse and instruct ; to cause care and sorrow to be forgotten ; and which no parent will fear to put into the hands of his child.

To all our patrons we tender our acknowledgments, and promise that no exertion of ours shall be wanting to render the *Atheneum* worthy of them and of the present enlightened state of society.

The price of the work is five dollars per annum ; it is published semi-monthly, in Nos. of 40 pages, large octavo, each, containing a greater quantity of matter than any periodical publication in the United States, at the same price. Its frequent circulation gives it a decided advantage over those published only monthly or quarterly.





# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1826.

[VOL. 5, N. 2.]

### THE LIFE OF A POOR ABERDEEN SCHOLAR.

For, ah ! my heart how very soon  
The glitt'ring dreams of youth are past !  
And long before it reach its noon,  
The sun of life is overcast.—*Moore.*

THE advantages of the accessibility of knowledge and instruction to all orders of the community in Scotland are now so well known, and so generally appreciated, that perhaps nobody would venture altogether to deny them. But while the beneficial influence of this privilege on the national character is apparent, and its particular value to the middling and lower classes, generally speaking, undeniable, it is attended with some drawbacks, which, if not so considerable as to affect the general principle, are yet of sufficient importance to make us pause before we subscribe to it. That it has sometimes tempted the youthful mind from the satisfying pursuits of humble life, to maintain an ineffectual struggle in the world of science and literature, and allured many from comparative distinction in the middle ranks, to obscurity and poverty, and perhaps contempt, in a higher sphere, are facts which are strikingly illustrated in the "simple annals" of our country. The following sketch of a Scholar's life holds up another beacon to the ambitious.

Andrew Malcolm was the son of a respectable tradesman of that class, which, in his country, is enabled, by hard labour, to live decently and comfortably, and even, with good management, to lay up a little for the evening of life. Andrew was born

with an unfortunate deformity in his legs, which disqualified him for many of the more laborious employments of life. His frame, however, was in other respects vigorous, his constitution strong, and his countenance indicated, at a very early age, an intelligence which is often considered to belong to those who suffer from any physical incapacity. To this description of persons there attaches, in some districts of Scotland, a superstitious sentiment of respect, as beings who are endowed with a superiority of understanding, proportioned to their deficiency in bodily symmetry. It was perhaps some idea of this kind, added to his own prepossessions of his more than ordinary acquirements at the parish school, which induced Malcolm's parents to give him the advantage of an Academic education.

At both the Colleges in Aberdeen there is held, at the commencement of the Session, a competition, by the performance of Latin exercises, for a given number of *bursaries*. These are prizes of from five to fifteen pounds, which are paid annually to the successful candidates, during their attendance at College; and although they may appear to many but trifling incentives to literary exertion, they often prove very important aids to the slender finances of the less wealthy.

thy Students. At this comparative trial at King's college, Malcolm carried off one of the principal prizes; and his fond parents no doubt saw in his success a favourable omen of his future prosperity. How happy for us it is that we cannot see into futurity! The system of discipline at the Scotch Colleges, and particularly at Aberdeen, does not admit of a very striking exhibition of talents in the Students; but although precluded from any brilliant display of abilities, Malcolm distinguished himself, as well by the stated performance of the exercises prescribed to him, as by the regularity of his attendance, and the propriety of his demeanour in the classes. He left college with the most satisfactory testimonials of his progress and character, from the different Professors whose lectures he had attended. The period had now arrived when it became necessary for him to make a choice of a pursuit in which he might reasonably expect to reap the fruits of his Academical labours; and the profession of the law presented itself as the one in which the disadvantages of his physical defect were least likely to be felt. He was accordingly articled to a respectable practitioner in the city in which he had prosecuted his studies; and during the term of his indenture, and for several years after its expiration, exhibited, in the performance of the duties of his situation, the most exemplary application and fidelity, and even a surprising degree of activity, considering the nature of his bodily infirmity. The anticipation of their son's arrival at the distinguished grade of an *Advocate*, was perhaps equal to the most extravagant dreams of his parents; and, setting aside the title, the opulence and general respectability of the profession, in that place, rendered the hope, in Malcolm's circumstances, sufficiently ambitious.

It was a hope, however, which they were destined never to see realized; and it was well that they did not live to see it frustrated so painfully. During his attendance at College

Malcolm had lost his mother, to whom he had been tenderly attached; it was the first real trial which he had met with in the world, and his sensitive and affectionate heart felt it deeply; but he was of a spirit that is not easily depressed, and he was at an age when the very keenness of sorrow takes away from its permanency. He was now fated to follow to the grave his remaining parent; and as he wept tears of natural anguish on the descending coffin, and saw the green sods built over the venerated object of his earliest affections, he felt the fruitlessness of all his labour, since they who would most have valued its success were taken away.

But even the remembrance of this calamity became less poignant, as he felt increasingly the necessity of professional exertion. As his circumstances did not permit him to advance the fees necessary for enabling him to commence business on his own account, he resolved upon a step, common with provincial attorneys, that of proceeding to Edinburgh—to seek employment in a more extensive field, as well with the view of improving their knowledge, as of being enabled, by industry and economy, to raise a small fund for beginning the world.

Among the acquaintances that Malcolm had formed, in the short intervals of leisure which his avocations had allowed him, there were not many with whom he had been in such habits of intimacy as now to feel particular regret in leaving them. He was naturally diffident: and neither his retired disposition, nor his personal accomplishments, had qualified him for entering into any thing like gay society. It may perhaps be thought that, with the personal deformity to which we have more than once alluded, the subject of our notice was not the most likely of persons to excite the tender passions; but love does not always discriminate; and although it did, there was an expression in Malcolm's countenance which made it not difficult to

overlook his other defects. He had found, if not in a very elevated, at least in a respectable sphere of life, one whom he had inspired with a warmer than sisterly affection; and he loved her the more, for the disinterestedness of her attachment. He has often described to me the feelings with which he watched her receding form, and the faithless dream of returning to her and happiness, which occupied his mind as the vessel in which he sailed for Leith bore him from the shore—that shore which he was never to see again.

It had never, I believe, occurred to Malcolm that there was a possibility of his being disappointed in the object of his voyage. He had been furnished with introductory letters to gentlemen likely to be able to promote his views; and he never doubted that the testimonials which he had to produce of his literary, as well as legal attainments, would speedily recommend him to notice and employment. He was but young in the ways of life, and knew not yet in how small a degree merit is available in promoting fortune. As soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, by viewing all that was most attractive to his imagination in a scene so new, he waited on the different gentlemen of the legal profession to whom he had been recommended. By some he was received with kindness, by many with politeness, and he did not complain of being treated by any with rudeness or incivility; but he began to discover that the accomplishment of his wishes was a matter of greater difficulty than he had ever dreamed of. The writing-chambers of most of his friends were already crowded; some of them complained that they could not find employment for their own relations; and others, who had vacancies, looked at Malcolm's figure, and expressed their regret that they had promised them away. Still there was a chance that openings might occur, and, although he was discouraged, he was not altogether disheartened. He waited with patience, and continued to make occasional enqui-

ries at the chambers of his patrons; but he became alarmed to find that their promises grew fainter, and their encouragement less every day, until protracted hope sickened and died, and his flattering prospects languished and withered away.

It was a cruel sacrifice for Malcolm to renounce all his views of advancement in his profession, and to relinquish the hopes which he had so fondly cherished; but his favourite predilections were forced to yield before the stern decree of necessity, and the gradual exhaustion of his resources drove him to seek employment of whatever nature, and wherever it could be found. He applied in vain for a clerkship in a mercantile-office; he was friendless, and without acquaintances, and the nature of his acquirements was not altogether such as to qualify him for the duties of a commercial situation; strange as it may appear to some, his professional habits operated to his disadvantage, and where such prejudices did not exist, his personal deformity was a greater obstruction to him in the active pursuits of commerce, than in the more sedentary occupation in which he had been educated. The few individuals to whom, as natives of the same place, he had made himself known, exerted themselves to forward his object; but the little interest which they possessed was insufficient to overcome the objections which we have mentioned. He sought employment of any kind in which he might be able to earn a pittance, however small, to satisfy his moderate wants, but could find none, and gave way to despondency—almost to despair.

Those who have never known misfortune can form but a faint conception of the feelings with which Malcolm had seen all his fairest visions pass away; but they are still less able to appreciate the forlornness of his situation, as he found himself at last in his miserable garret, destitute of every necessary of life. No one can tell the thoughts that crowded over his mind on that wretch-

ed night; but it is natural to suppose that all the ideas which had formerly yielded him pleasure—even the thought of her whose image had hitherto been associated with nothing but happiness—would now be turned to gloom and bitterness. All but the indispensable articles of his small wardrobe had already gone to satisfy his necessities, and he now saw distinctly before him the miserable alternative of dying from want, or resorting for relief to the supplication of charity. The most fearful step of any in the declivity of fortune is that from want to beggary; and the most revolting of all, the resources to which the children of misfortune are driven—that by which they renounce their independence, and throw themselves on the bounty of their fellow creatures. There have been some who have felt the measure so repugnant to their feelings, that they have died rather than resort to it; but there is a pertinacity with which even the most wretched cling to existence, which generally leads them, however reluctantly, to embrace it. Malcolm felt, and acted under this influence.

Amid the abandonment in which he found himself, he saw the finger of God in his destiny, and felt it to be his duty to drink to the bottom of the cup of misery which had been filled to him; yet, as he went along, in the darkness of evening to make his first application for relief, he envied the common mendicant, who was free from the painful delicacy of feeling which *he* could not pluck from his bosom.

It was honourable to the friends who had failed in yielding him more effectual assistance, that they did not now refuse to render him pecuniary aid, as well as occasional supplies of other necessary articles, and that in the manner least calculated to offend his feelings; but these resources could not last for ever; the most benevolent become weary with continual appeals to their humanity; and Malcolm could not be an importunate beggar. His situation threatened to

become, if possible, more unhappy than ever, when an expedient presented itself, by means of which he might yet contrive to prolong existence, and a ray of hope again descended to visit him.

The obscure quarter of the town in which his humble lodgings were situated was inhabited exclusively by people in the lowest ranks of life, who were prevented by their circumstances, or by their distance from the schools, from bestowing on their children any kind of education; and it occurred to him that he might pick up a scanty subsistence by giving instructions in the elementary branches of learning, at reduced fees. His project was favoured by the prepossession which the gentleness of his disposition had created among the neighbourhood, and he soon found himself at the head of a little seminary. By this means he was enabled again to support life, without that consciousness of dependence so un congenial to his feelings. But although his few, small, and ill-paid fees, afforded him some of the necessities, they precluded him entirely from any of the comforts of life; and his health, which had some time before begun to decline, now sunk rapidly under the confinement and laborious nature of his employment. His eyes became hollow and haggard, his countenance put on the squalid hue of disease, and his whole appearance exhibited the indications of a broken heart. To fill up the measure of his wretchedness, a fever, generated probably by unwholesome air and scanty diet, crept over his emaciated frame, and threw him on a sick bed. In this situation of utter loneliness and desertion—destitute of every comfort that could allay the burning heat of fever—without a friend, a sister, or a fond mother, to minister to his helplessness, to soften his pillow, or bind up his throbbing temples—deserted by all but the God, who, amid the mysteriousness of his dispensation, he felt would never desert him, Malcolm languished, until first reason, and then life forsook him. The

hands of strangers shut his dying eyes, and the arm of charity laid him in the cold grave, to which the sorrows of the world could not follow him.

It may appear singular that he had never written any thing of his situation to the person who, next to himself, was most deeply interested in it. It had been agreed betwixt them, that he should not write until his establishment in a permanent situation should enable him to speak with certainty of his prospects. He could not bring himself to tell her that his hopes had been so cruelly blasted ; and she knew not of his fate until his misfortunes were at an end.

I had been absent for some time, and was unacquainted with the nature of the difficulties with which he had more lately struggled. I had long known the goodness of his heart, and respected the many virtues which adorned him. As soon as my official engagements permitted me, I sought his humble dwelling, at least to sympathize with, if I could not essentially relieve him ; but I found that he needed not now the sympathy of friendship, nor the cold charity of the stranger. I visited the obscure and untrophied spot where the parochial and unfriendly poor are interred ; but among the undistinguished graves which crowd the spot, I could not even with the assistance of the sexton, discover his resting place. I found that every trace of him had disappeared from the page of Nature ; and he who, under more genial circumstances, would at least have left

a name in the world, was now, as it were, blotted from the record of existence.

I have told a simple tale, and there be many who may see in it few of the elements which give interest to the pages of fictitious narrative ; but I have had recourse to the detail of no artificial sorrows to awaken their sympathy,—I have invented no tale of imaginary woes, and borrowed no unreal and extravagant incidents to minister to the sickly appetite. The story which I have told is substantially true, and, excepting the suppression of names, presents, literally, the unvarnished history of a real life.

It is not related to discourage those who, with reasonable hopes of success, are desirous to soar above the less intellectual pursuits of life ; still less is it intended to repress the generous aspirations of youthful genius. But it may serve as a profitable warning to those who, without any rational expectations of advantage, are bartering away the secure benefits which are within their grasp, for distant objects of uncertain attainment. The subject of the preceding sketch possessed qualities which would have raised him to respectability and happiness in the humble, but useful sphere of his forefathers ; but, in the more exalted career which he courted, could procure him nothing but an obscure and untimely grave.

“ He pass’d—nor of his name and race  
Hath left a token or a trace.”

---

#### THE TOBACCONIST.

**D**ANIEL CATHIE was a reputable dealer in snuff, tobacco, and candles, in a considerable market-town in Scotland. His shop had, externally, something neat and enticing about it. In the centre of one window glowed a transparency of a ferocious-looking Celt, bonneted, plaided, and kilted, with, his unsheathed claymore in one hand, and

his ram's-horn mull in the other ; intended, no doubt, to emblem to the spectator, that from thence he recruited his animal spirits, drawing courage from the titillation of every pinch. Around him were tastefully distributed jars of different dimensions, bearing each the appropriate title of the various compounds within, from Maccuba and Lundy Foot,

down to Beggar's Brown and Irish Blackguard. In the other, one half was allotted to tobacco-pipes of all dimensions, tastefully arranged, so as to form a variety of figures, such as crosses, triangles, and squares; decorated, at intervals, with rolls of twist, serpentings of pigtail, and monticuli of shag. The upper half displayed candles, distributed with equal exhibition of taste, from the prime four in the pound down to the halfpenny dip; some of a snowy whiteness, and others of an aged and delicate yellow tinge; enticing to the eyes of experienced housewives and spectacted cognoscenti. Over the door rode a swarthy son of Congo, with broad nostrils, and eyes whose whites were fearfully dilated,—astride on a tobacco hogshead,—his woolly head bound with a coronal of feathers,—a quiver peeping over his shoulder, and a pipe in his cheeks, blown up for the eternity of his wooden existence, in the puffy ecstasy of inhalation.

Daniel himself, the autocrat of this domicile, was a little squat fellow, five feet and upwards, of a rosy complexion, with broad shoulders, and no inconsiderable rotundity of paunch. His eye was quick and sparkling, with something of an archness in its twinkle, as if he loved a joke occasionally, yet could wink at any one who presumed too far in tampering with his shrewdness. His forehead was bald, as well as no small portion of either temple; and the black curls, which projected above his ears, gave to his face the appearance of more than its actual breadth, which was scantily relieved by a light-blue spotted pocket handkerchief, loosely tied around a rather apoplectic neck.

His dress was commonly a bottle-green jacket, single-breasted, and square in the tails; a striped cotton waistcoat; velvetene breeches, and light-blue ridge-and-furrow worsted stockings. A watch-chain, of a broad steel pattern, hung glittering before him, at which depended a small gold seal, a white almond-shap-

ed shell, and a perforated Queen Anne's sixpence. Over all this lower display, suppose that you fasten a clean, glossy linen apron, and you have his entire portrait and appearance.

From very small beginnings he had risen, by careful industry, to a respectable place in society, and was now the landlord of the property he had for many years only rented.

Matters prospered, and he got on by slow, but steady paces. Business began to extend its circle around him, and his customers became more respectable and genteel.

In a short time Daniel opened accounts with his banker. His establishment became more extensive; and, after the lapse of a few, not unimproved years, he took his place in the first rank of the merchants of a populous burgh.

His lengthening purse, and respectable character, pointed him out as a fit candidate for city honours, and the town-council pitched upon him as an eligible person to grace their board. Thus was a new field opened for him. His reasoning powers were publicly called into play; and he had, what he had never before been accustomed to, luxurious eating and drinking, and both without being obliged to put his hand into his breeches-pocket. Daniel was a happy man:—

“No dolphin ever was so gay  
Upon the tropic sea.”

He now cogitated with his own mighty mind on the propriety of entering upon the matrimonial estate, and of paying his worship to the blind god. With the precision of a man of business, he took down in his note-book a list of the ladies who, he thought, might be fit candidates for the honour he intended them, the merits of the multitude being settled, in his mind, in exact accordance to the supposed extent of their treasures. Let not the reader mistake the term. By treasure he neither meant worth nor beauty, but the article which can be paid down in bul-



lion or bank-notes, possessing the magic properties of adding field to field, and tenement to tenement.

One after another, the pen was drawn through their names, as occasion offered of scrutinizing their claims more clearly, or as lack-success obliged him, until the candidates were reduced to a couple, Miss Jenny Dry-bones, a tall spinster, lean, and ill-looking, somewhat beyond her grand climacteric; and Mrs. Martha Bouncer, a brisk widow, fat, fair, and a few years on the better side of forty.

Miss Jenny, from her remote youth upwards, had been housekeeper to her brother, a retired wine-merchant, who departed this life six years before, without occasioning any very general lamentation; having been a man of exceeding strict habits of business, according to the jargon of his friends; that is to say, in plain English, a keen, dull, plodding, avaricious old knave. But he was rich, that was one felicity; therefore he had friends. It is a great pity that such people ever die, as their worth, or, in other words, their wealth, cannot gain currency in the other world; but die he did, in spite of twenty thousand pounds and the doctor, who was not called in till death had a firm gripe of the old miser's windpipe, through which respiration came scant and slow, almost like the vacant yawns of a broken bellows.

Expectant friends were staggered, as by a thunder-stroke, when the read will, too legal for their satisfaction, left Miss Jenny in sure and undivided possession of goods and chattels all and sundry.

For the regular period she mourned with laudable zeal, displaying black feathers, quilled ruffles, crape veils, and starched weepers, in great and unwonted prodigality, which no one objected to, or cavilled about, solely because no one had any business to do so.

It was evident, that her views of life from that era assumed a new aspect, and the polar-winter of her features exhibited something like an appearance of incipient thaw; but

the downy chin, wrinkled brow, and pinched nose, were still, alas! too visible. Accordingly, it is more than probable, that, instead of renewing her youth like the eagles, she had only made a bold and laudable attempt of *rifacciamento*, in thus lighting up her features with a more frequent and general succession of smiles.

No one can deny, that, in as far as regards externals, Miss Jenny mourned most lugubriously and well, not stinting the usually allotted number of calendar months. These passed away, and so did black drapery; garments brightening by progressive but rapid strides. Ere the twelve months expired, Miss Jenny flaunted about in colours as gaudy as those of "the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings," the counterpart of the bird of paradise, the rival of the rainbow.

Widow Martha Bouncer was a lady of a different stamp. Her features still blowed in the freshness of youthful beauty, though the symmetry of her person was a little destroyed by a tendency to corpulence. She dressed well; and there was a liveliness and activity about her motions, together with an archness in her smile, which captivated the affections of the tobacconist, rather more than was compatible with his known and undisguised hankering after the so-called good things of this life, the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Mrs. Bouncer was the widow of a captain in a marching regiment; consequently she had seen a good deal of the world, and had a budget of adventures ever open for the admiration of the listening customer. Sometimes it might even be objected, that her tongue went a little too glibly; but she had a pretty face, and a musical voice, and seldom failed in being attended to.

The captain did not, as his profession might lead us to inquire, decamp to the other world, after having swallowed a bullet, and dropped the death-dealing blade from his blood-besmeared hand on the field of battle, but quietly in his bed, with

three pair of excellent blankets over him, not reckoning a curiously-quilted counterpane. Long anticipation lessens the shock of fate; consequently the grief of this widow was not of that violent and overwhelming kind which a more sharply-winded-up catastrophe is apt to occasion; but, having noticed the slow, but gradual approaches of the grim tyrant, in the symptoms of swelled ankles, shrivelled features, troublesome cough, and excessive debility, the event came upon her as an evil long foreseen; and the sorrow occasioned by the exit of the captain was sustained with becoming fortitude.

Having been fully as free of his sacrifices to Bacchus as to the brother of Bellona, the captain left his mate in circumstances not the most flourishing; but she was enabled to keep up appearances, and to preserve herself from the gulf of debt, by an annuity bequeathed to her by her father, and by the liberality of the widows' fund.

Time passed on at its usual careless jogtrot; and animal spirits being a gift of nature, like all strong natural impulses, asserted their legitimate sway. Mrs. Martha began to smile and simper as formerly. Folks remarked, that black suited her complexion; and Daniel Cathie could not help giving breath to the gallant remark, as he was discharging her last year's account, that he never before had seen her looking half so well.

On this hint the lady wrought. Daniel was a greasy lubberly civilian to be sure, and could not escort her about with powdered collar, laced beaver, and glittering epaulets; but he was a substantial fellow, not amiss as to looks, and with regard to circumstances, possessing every thing to render a wife comfortable and snug. Elysian happiness, Mrs. Martha was too experienced a stagger to expect on this side of the valley of death. Moreover, she had been tossed about sufficiently in the world, and was heartily tired of a wandering life. The height of her wise

ambition, therefore, reached no higher than a quiet settlement and a comfortable domicile. She knew that the hour of trial was come, and sedulously set herself to work, directing against Daniel the whole artillery of her charms. She passed before his door every morning in her walk; and sometimes stood with her pretty face directed to the shop-window, as if narrowly examining some article in it. She ogled him as he sat in church; looking as if she felt happy at seeing him seated with the baillies; and Daniel was never met abroad, but the lady drew off her silken glove, and yielded a milkwhite delicate hand to the tobacconist, who took a peculiar pleasure in shaking it cordially. A subsequent rencontre in a stage-coach, where they enjoyed a delightful tête-à-tête together for some miles (*procul, o procul esto profani,*) told with a still deeper effect; and every thing seemed in a fair way of being amicably adjusted.

Miss Jenny, undismayed by these not unmarked symptoms of ripening intimacy, determined to pursue her own line of amatory politics, and set her whole enginery of attack in readiness for operation. She had always considered the shop at the cross as the surest path for her to the temple of Bona Fortuna. Thence driven, she was lost in hopeless mazes, and knew not where to turn.

She flaunted about, and flashed her finery in the optical observers of Daniel, as if to say this is a specimen,—*ex uno disce omnes*,—thousands lie under this sample. Hope and fear swayed her heart by turns, though the former passion was uppermost; yet she saw a snake, in the form of Mrs. Bouncer, lurking in her way; and she took every lawful means, or such as an innamorata considers such, to scotch it.

Well might Daniel be surprised at the quantity of candles made use of in Miss Jenny's establishment. It puzzled his utmost calculation; for though the whole house had been illuminated from top to bottom, and



fours to the pound had been lighted at both ends, no such quantity could be consumed. But there she was, week after week, with her young vassal with the yellow neck behind her, swinging a large wicker basket over his arm, in which were deposited, layer above layer, the various produce of Miss Jenny's marketing.

On Daniel, on these occasions, she showered her complaisance with the liberality of March rains; inquiring anxiously after his health; cautioning him to wear flannel, and beware of the rheumatics; telling him her private news, and admiring the elegance of his articles, while all the time her shrivelled features "grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile," which only quadrupled the "fold upon fold innumerable" of her wrinkles, and displayed gums innocent of teeth, generosity not being able to elevate three rusty stumps to that honour and dignity.

There was a strong conflict in Daniel's mind, and the poor man was completely "bamboozled." Ought he to let Nature have her sway for once, take to his arms the blushing and beautiful widow, and trust to the success of his efforts for future aggrandizement? or must strong habit still domineer over him, and Miss Jenny's hook, baited with five thousand pounds, draw him to the shores of wedlock, "a willing captive?" Must he leave behind him sons and daughters with small portions, and "the world before them, where to choose;" or none,—and his name die away among the things of the past, while cousins ten times removed, alike in blood and regard, riot on his substance? The question was complicated, and different interrogatories put to the oracle of his mind afforded different response. The affair was one, in every respect, so nicely balanced, that "he wist not what to do." Fortune long hung equal in the balance, and might have done so much longer, had not an unforeseen accident made the scale of the widow precipitately to mount aloft and kick the beam.

2 ATHENEUM, VOL. 5. 2d series.

It was about ten o'clock on the night of a blustering November day, that a tall, red-haired, mustachioed, and rawboned personage, wrapt up in a military great coat, alighted from the top of the Telegraph at the Salutation inn, and delivered his portmanteau into the assiduous hands of Bill the waiter. He was ushered into a comfortable room, whose flickering blazing fire mocked the cacophony of his puckered features, and induced him hastily to doff his envelopments, and draw in an arm-chair to the borders of the hearth-rug.

Having discussed a smoking and substantial supper, he asked Bill, who was in the act of supplying his rummer with hot water, if a Mrs. Bouncer, an officer's widow, resided in the neighbourhood?

"Yes," replied Bill; "I know her well; she lives at third house round the corner, on the second floor, turning to the door on your right hand."

"She is quite well, I hope?" asked the son of Mars.

"Oh! well, God bless you, and about to take a second husband. I hear as how they are to be proclaimed next week. She is making a good bargain."

"Next week to be married?" ejaculated the gallant captain, turning up his eyes, and starting to his legs with a hurried perplexity.

"So I believe, sir," continued Bill very calmly "If you have come to the ceremony, you will find that it does not take place till then. Depend upon it, sir, you have mistaken the date of your invitation-card."

"Well, waiter, you may leave me," said the captain, stroking his chin in evident embarrassment;—"but stop—who is she about to get?"

"Oh, I thought every body knew Mr. Daniel Cathie, one of the town-council, sir,—a tobacconist, and a respectable man,—likely soon to come to the provosty, sir. He is rather up in years to be sure; but he is as rich as a Jew."

"What do you say is his name?"

"Mr. Daniel Cathie, esq., tobacconist and candlemaker near the

cross. That is his name and designation,—a very respectable man, sir.”

“Well, order the girl to have my bed well warmed, and to put pens, ink, and paper into the room. In the mean time bring me the boot-ack.”

The captain kept his fiery feelings in restraint before Bill; but the intelligence hit him like a cannon-shot. He retired almost immediately to his bed-chamber; but a guest, in the adjoining room, declared in the morning, that he had never been allowed to close his eyes, from some person’s alternately snoring or speaking in his sleep, as if in violent altercation with some one; and that, whenever these sounds died away, they were only exchanged for the irregular tread of a foot measuring the apartment, seemingly in every direction.

It was nine in the morning; and Daniel, as he was ringing a shilling on the counter, which he had just taken for value received, and half-ejaculating aloud as he peered at it through his spectacles,—“Not a Birmingham, I hope,”—had a card put into his hand by Jonas Bunting, the Salutation shoe-black.

Having broken the seal, Daniel read to himself,—“A gentleman wishes to see Mr. Cathie at the Salutation inn, on particular business, as speedily as possible.—Inquire for the gentleman in No. 7. A quarter before nine, *a. m.*”

“Some of these dunning travellers!” exclaimed Daniel to himself; “they are continually pestering me for orders. If I had the lighting up of the moon, I could not satisfy them all. I have a good mind not to go, for this fellow not sending his name. It is impudence with a vengeance, and a new way of requesting favours!” As he was muttering these thoughts between his teeth, he was proceeding, however, in the almost unconscious act of undoing his apron, which having flung aside, he adjusted his hair before the glass, and carefully pressed his hat into shape, and

drew it down on his temples with both hands; after which, with hasty steps, he vanished from behind the counter.

Arriving at the inn, he was ushered into No. 7 by the officious Bill, who handed his name before him, and closed the door after him.

“This is an unpleasant business, Mr. Cathie,” said the swaggering captain, drawing himself up to his full length, and putting on a look of important ferocity. It is needless to waste words on the subject; there is a brace of pistols,—both are loaded,—take one and I take the other; choose either, sir. The room is fully eight paces,” added he, striding across in a hurried manner, and clanking his iron heels on the carpet.

“It would, I think, be but civil,” said Daniel, evidently in considerable mental as well as bodily agitation, “to inform me what are your intentions, before forcing me to commit murder. Probably you have mistaken me for some other; if not, please let me know in what you conceive I have offended you?”

“By the powers!” said Captain Thwackeray with great vehemence, “you have injured me materially,—nay, mortally,—and either your life, sir, or my own, sir, shall be sacrificed to the adjustment.”

While saying this, the captain took up first the one pistol and then the other, beating down the contents with the ramrod, and measuring with his finger the comparative depth to which each was loaded.

“A pretty story, certainly, to injure a gentleman in the tenderest part, and then to beg a recital of the particulars. Have you no regard for my feelings, sir?”

“Believe me, sir, on the word of an honest man, that, as to your meaning in this business, I am in utter darkness,” said Daniel, with cool firmness.

“To be plain, then,—to be explicit,—to come to the point, sir,—was you not on the eve of marrying Mrs. Bouncer?”

"Mrs. Bouncer!" echoed the tall-chandler, starting back, and crimsoning. Immediately, however, commanding himself, he continued:—"As to the truth of the case, that is another matter; but, were it as you represent it, I was unaware that I could be injuring any one in so doing."

"Now, sir, we have come to the point; *rem tetigisti acu*; and you speak out plainly. Take your pistol," bravadoed the captain.

"No, no,—not so fast;—perhaps we may understand each other without being driven to that alternative."

"Well, then, sir, abjure her this moment, and resign her to me, or one of our lives must be sacrificed."

While he was saying this, Daniel laid his hand on one of the pistols, and appeared as if examining it, which motion the captain instantly took for a signal of acquiescence, and "changed his hand and checked his pride." "I hope," continued he, evidently much softened, "that there shall be no need of resorting to desperate measures. In a word, the affair is this,—I have a written promise from Mrs. Bouncer, that, if ever she married a second time, her hand was mine. It matters not with the legality of the measure, though the proceeding took place in the lifetime of her late husband, my friend, Captain Bouncer. It is quite an affair of honour. I assure you, sir, she has vowed to accept of none but me, Captain Thwackeray, as his successor. If you have paid your addresses to her in ignorance of this, I forgive you; if not, we stand opposed as before."

"Oh, ho! if that be the way the land lies," replied Daniel, with a shrill whistle, "she is yours, captain, for me, and heartily welcome. I resign her unconditionally, as you military gentlemen phrase it. A great deal of trouble is spared by one's speaking out. If you had told me this, there would have been no reason for loading the pistols. May I now wish you a good morning? Od save us! but these are fearful wea-

pons on the table!—Good morning, sir."

"Bless your heart, no," said the Captain Thwackeray, evidently much relieved from his distressing situation; oh no, sir,—not before we breakfast together;"—and, so saying, before Daniel had a moment's time for reply, he pulled the bell violently.

"Bill, bring in breakfast for two as expeditiously as possible.—(*Exit Bill.*)—I knew that no man of honour, such as I know or believe you to be, (your appearance bespeaks it,) would act such a selfish part as deprive me of my legal right; and I trust that this transaction shall not prevent friendly intercourse between us, if I come,—as my present intention is,—to take up my abode among you in this town."

"By no means," said Daniel; "Mrs. Bouncer is yours for me; and, as to matrimonials, I am otherwise provided. There are no grounds for contention, captain."

Breakfast was discussed with admirable appetite by both. The contents of the pistols were drawn, the powder carefully returned into the flask, the two bullets into the waistcoat pocket, and the instruments of destruction themselves deposited in a green woollen case. After cordially shaking each other by the hand, the Captain saw Mr Daniel to the door, and made a very low *congé*, besides kissing his hand at parting.

The captain went to fight his own battles, and return to our hero, whose stoicism, notwithstanding its firmness, did not prevent him from feeling considerably on the occasion. Towards Mrs. Bouncer he had not a Romeo-enthusiasm, but certainly a stronger attachment than he had ever experienced for any other of her sex. Though the case was hopeless, he did not allow himself to pine away with "a green and yellow melancholy," but reconciled himself to his fate with the more facility, as the transaction between Thwackeray and her must have taken place during the lifetime of her late husband, which

considerably lessened her in his estimation ; having been educated a rigid Presbyterian, and holding in great abhorrence all such illustrations of military morality. "No, no," thought he ; my loss is more apparent than real : the woman who was capable of doing such a thing, would not content herself with stopping even there. Miss Jenny Drybones is the woman for me,—I am the man for her money." And here a thousand selfish notions crowded on his heart, and confirmed him in his determination, which he set about without delay.

There was little need of delicacy in the matter ; and Daniel went to work quite in a business-like style. He commenced operations on the offensive, offered Miss Jenny his arm, squeezed her hand, buttered her with love-phrases, ogled her out of countenance, and haunted her like a ghost. Refusal was in vain ; and, after a faint, a feeble, and sham shew of resistance, the damsel drew down her flag of defiance, and submitted to honourable terms of capitulation.

Ten days after Miss Jenny's surrender, their names were proclaimed in church ; and, as the people stared at each other in half-wonder and half-good humour, the precentor continued, after a slight pause,— "There is also a purpose of marriage between Mrs. Martha Bouncer, at present residing in the parish, and Augustus Thwackeray, Esq. Captain of the Bengal Rangers ;—whoever can produce any lawful objections against the same, he is requested to do so,—time and place convenient."

Every forenoon and evening between that and the marriage-day, Daniel and his intended enjoyed a delightful *tete-a-tete* in the lady's garden, walking arm-in-arm, and

talking, doubtless, of home-concerns, and the Elysian prospects that awaited them. The pair would have formed a fit subject for the pencil of a Hogarth,—about "to become one flesh," and so different in appearance. The lady, long-visaged and wrinkled,—stiff-backed and awkward,—long as a May-pole ;—the bridegroom, jolly-faced like Bacchus, stumpy like an alder-tree, and round as a beer-barrel.

Ere Friday had beheld its meridian sunshine, two carriages drawn up at the door, and drivers with white favours and Limerick gloves, told the attentive world that Dr Redbeak had made them one flesh. Shortly after the ceremony, the happy couple drove away amid the cheering of an immense crowd of neighbours, who had planted themselves around the door to make observations on what was going on. Another coincidence, worthy of remark, also occurred on this auspicious day. At the same hour, had the fair widow Martha yielded up her lily-white hand to the whiskered, ferocious-looking, but gallant Captain Thwackeray ; and the carriages containing the respective marriage-parties passed one another in the street at a good round pace. The postillions, with their large flaunting ribbon-knots, huzzaed in meeting, brandishing their whips in the air, as if betokening individual victory. The captain, in looking out, saw Miss Jenny, in maiden pride, sitting stately beside her chosen tobacconist ; and Daniel, glancing to the left, beheld Mrs. Martha blushing by the side of her mustachioed warrior. Both waved their hands in passing, and pursued their destinies.

---

#### THE WREN ; A MANX LEGEND.

What is that sound so soft and sweet,  
That like a seraph's music pours?  
No echo can those tones repeat—  
It dies along these rocky shores.  
And what that form of beauteous mould,

So light it seems of woven air,  
While flinging odours rich and rare,  
From clustering locks of elfin gold?  
When shines the moon with placid beam,  
Amid her rays those ringlets stream ;

That form, those eyes of azure light,  
That fairy harp of witching tone,  
To garish day are never known,  
But ope, like modest flowers of night,  
When all his ruddy beams are gone.

And many a knight, of valour proved,  
Had heard that harp's enchanting spell,  
Had seen that fairy form, and loved,  
And long pursued o'er heath and dell ;  
As still the lovely sorceress led,  
Had follow'd to the murky cave,  
Had plunged amid the roaring wave  
That closed in darkness o'er his head !  
And see, she bids the moonbeam rest  
More softly on her snowy breast ;  
And as she bathes in silver light,  
She wakes a purer, loftier strain :  
For lo ! a victim comes again,  
And well she knows the dauntless knight  
A princely game, nor lightly slain.

Yet came he not in knightly pride ;  
His noble steed, his squires dismiss,  
His leashed hound is by his side,  
His hooded falcon on his wrist.  
He gazed not on those witching charms,  
Yet if a conscious glance he stole,  
Sir Gawaine's was no icy soul.  
His kindling frame her beauty warms,  
Yet in the blue of that soft eye  
A frozen coldness seemed to lie ;  
And he who nearer look'd, might trace  
Tears gathering there that scorn'd to  
flow,  
Young Anger in that heighten'd glow,  
Or see that more than mortal face  
Pale with the throb of inward wo.

Again she tuned her lyre, again  
Awakes its most resistless tone ;  
But lo ! she hears an answering strain,  
Less sweet, but loftier than her own :  
As Gawaine tunes the vocal reed,  
Her lyre drops useless from her hands ;  
Vanquish'd and sad awhile she stands,  
Then bounds away with arrowy speed.  
But never conquer'd in the race,  
Sir Gawaine urged on fruitless chase ;  
He seized her by her flowing hair :  
He casts her on the rugged heath ;  
He draws his falchion from its sheath,  
While pointed at her bosom bare  
The lifted weapon threatens death.

It falls—but on no female breast—  
Dilated was that phantom fair,  
And now, in glittering armour drest,  
A knight stands sternly frowning there ;  
And Gawaine's unpolled sword,  
That wept to shed a woman's blood,  
Now aids its master's kindling mood,  
And thirsts to quell that form abhorr'd.  
Fierce was the combat, and at length  
Each panting owned their failing  
strength,

Though parrying still each adverse blow ;  
But Gawaine summon'd all his might,  
Resolved at once to end the fight,  
He struck—but blood refused to flow,  
Though wounded sunk the elfin knight.

He sunk, but soon a nimble deer  
Rose where the warrior seem'd to die,  
And launching forth in full career,  
Oft tost his crested head on high.  
One instant fix'd in new surprise,  
Soon Gawaine's hand the leash un-  
bound ;  
Forth springs his keen, his matchless  
hound,  
And on the fainting stag he flies :—  
Again his prey has vanish'd there ;  
An eagle wing'd the middle air,  
And soar'd so boldly and so high,  
It seem'd he flew to meet the sun,  
Whose ruddy beams e'en now begun  
To purple o'er the dark blue sky,  
And clouds that veil'd the mountains  
dun.

But Gawaine's falcon swifter flies,  
Nor fears to grapple with his king ;  
In vain with anger-beaming eyes,  
And mighty beak, and flapping wing,  
And dreadful cries, he threatens his foe.  
His wing th' intrepid falcon tore ;  
He falls, the king of air no more ;  
Yet scarcely touch'd the ground below,  
Ere all his spreading plumes were gone :  
Forth flew a little wren alone,  
Scarce seen amid the brightening sky ;  
But on a fir-tree's pointed height  
She perches, half-conceal'd from sight,  
And human voice and words surprise  
From that small frame the listening  
knight.

" Desist ! yon rising orb of gold  
At once thy power and mine controll'd.  
For secret crimes in fairy land  
Condemn'd to roam this barren strand ;  
Alone, for many a weary year,  
My joyless steps have linger'd here.  
One only pleasure glads my mind,—  
To work the woe of human kind,  
And lead to death or endless shame  
The race through which my sorrow came.  
Thou ! thou alone, hast foil'd my wiles,  
Thou only scorn'd my fatal smiles ;  
Compell'd in borrow'd shapes to flee,—  
My cadless hatred waits on thee.

" Lov'd by your sovereign, heap'd with  
wealth,  
With fame and fortune, youth and health,  
While England's fairest maidens all  
Contend thy hand to lead the ball,  
List thy soft converse, and decline  
All coarser flattery than thine,—  
Unconquer'd still by mortal might  
In tourney or in fiercest fight,

Thine shall be still a joyless heart,  
That shares no bliss thy words impart;  
The smiles on that gay brow that glow  
Shall never gild the void below,  
Till one of fairy race shall join  
Her fate by marriage bonds with thine\*—  
Then must my power, my curse expire,  
For Fate controls my deathless ire.

"For me—I know my fate—to die  
By thine accursed progeny.  
This day, that saw me vanquish'd lie,  
Must every year behold again,  
On these black shores the fairy wren,  
While hundreds scour each barren heath  
To work one helpless creature's death.†  
Wo to the fate-devoted bird

Whose cry that luckless morn is heard,  
And wo to me, whene'er the dart  
Of skilful archer reach my heart!"

Thus spoke the wren, and more she tried,  
But in her throat the accents died,  
Sunk in a low and plaintive cry,  
A short but pleasing melody:  
She left her perch, and soaring high,  
Vanish'd amid the cloudless sky;  
But her last accents left behind  
A dreadful weight on Gawaine's mind;  
That fatal day, without relief,  
Gave him to glory, but to grief,  
For, scatheless, (though he win the fight)  
No man may cope with fairy might.

NOTICE OF THE EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL, AND OF A SCHOOL  
TO BE ESTABLISHED IN THE NEW TOWN OF EDINBURGH, UPON  
IMPROVED PRINCIPLES.

**T**HERE is no subject of more importance to the community, and to every individual composing it, than education. It concerns all, in a greater or less degree, and therefore ought to engage the attention of all. But it fares with this, as with many other topics of deep and universal interest; though much is written, and thought, and spoken about it, yet just and accurate notions are far from being common; very few take the trouble thoroughly to investigate the subject. We have no design at present to try the patience of our readers, by a dissertation on education, but we believe it will not be unsuitable if we shall merely offer a general remark or two, before introducing to their notice a proposal which has been very recently issued, for establishing a School in the New Town of Edinburgh, for the instruction of the children of people of the better sorts, on very improved principles.

The great object of the education of youth is to cultivate their intellectual and moral powers, in such a manner as to fit them for the right discharge of their various duties to

themselves, to each other, and to the State; and the grand secret of a perfect scheme of education is to awaken in the minds of the taught a desire for knowledge and improvement, so as to render the acquisition of it not only easy, but agreeable and even delightful. We are aware of the difficulties of finding and of executing such a scheme, and of the impossibility of applying it in every case, owing partly to the want of proper instructors, and still more to the indocility of many children; yet the business of education is likely to be successful just in proportion as we put in practice the system alluded to.

It has always been lamented, however, that the very contrary course has been followed: education has, for the most part, been imposed upon children as a burdensome and laborious task; they have been whipped and flogged into the knowledge of their letters, which could not fail to render their progress disagreeable and tiresome. This unfortunate system has been reprobated by almost every writer of eminence who has adverted to the subject. Thus Locke,

\* Alluding to the old fairy tale of Sir Gawaine's marriage.

† The chase of the wren is still pursued in the Isle of Man on the anniversary of the day when the fairy is supposed to have taken refuge in that form, and numbers of unfortunate birds have fallen victims to the superstition.



in his celebrated Treatise on Education, says, "Great care is to be taken that it be never made as a business to him, nor be look on it as a task. We naturally, even from our cradles, love liberty, and have therefore an aversion to many things, for no other reason than because they are enjoined us. I have always had a fancy that learning might be made a play and recreation to children, and that they might be brought to desire to be taught, if it were proposed to them as a thing of honour, credit, delight, and recreation, or as a reward for doing something else, and if they were never chid or corrected for the neglect of it." And he adds a fact in illustration of his sentiments, which we do not remember to have seen noticed or corroborated by any modern traveller. But the Portuguese, since the days of the philosopher, may have declined in this, as in all other national concerns. "That which confirms me in this opinion," he continues, "is, that amongst the Portuguese, 'tis so much a fashion and emulation amongst their children to learn to read and write, that they cannot hinder them from it! they will learn one from another, and are as intent on it as if it were forbidden them."

But however just the ideas formed by men of enlarged and cultivated minds, as to education, have been, and however correct the practice might be which was followed here and there, in a few Seminaries conducted by able men, the system of public education generally was extremely defective, until a very recent period. Perhaps the system pursued in the Parochial Schools of Scotland has, upon the whole, been preferable to that followed in Schools established in large towns for the education of children of the better classes. All, however, were susceptible of great improvement.

The plans introduced by Messrs. Bell and Lancaster contributed greatly to simplify and improve the business of education. They make children the agents in the instruction of

one another,—they cause them to exercise and employ their own understandings on the subjects taught; and by reducing the expense of education, it has been brought within the reach of the poorest of the people. Indeed these improvements have been of the same character with those effected in modern times, in every department of human industry; in the manufacture of all kinds of articles, as well as in the finer process, by which intelligent citizens are manufactured out of the rude natural product, the great object has been to economize the labour employed for the end in view,—to make it go as far as possible, and to make better articles, with half the expenditure of labour that was necessary, formerly, to make very imperfect ones. So universal and so attainable by all has a good, useful education become, that we are fast approaching the accomplishment of that truly wise and paternal wish of George III. when he hoped the day would come, when every poor child within his dominions might be able to read his Bible.

It is now a great many years since the plans of Bell and Lancaster were first introduced into Edinburgh, and thousands have in consequence been taught to read and write, who would otherwise have grown up without these acquirements. But within these few years, a very great improvement has been effected on these even improved systems, by the philanthropic and indefatigable exertions of a gentleman who has devoted much of his time and talents in this way: we allude to Mr. John Wood, Advocate. When he first turned his notice to the Sessional School, then taught in Leith Wynd, it was in an indifferent state; but through the labours of this excellent person, the School has been brought to such a state of perfection, both in regard to the system pursued, and the progress made by the scholars, that it may be considered as a model for the whole country. A new School-room has lately been erected east from the Earthen Mound, and the number of scholars

consists of about 500 boys and girls.

We have very recently visited this school, and we conceive that we cannot present to our readers an account of the system pursued in a more agreeable form than by describing the state in which we found it. Mr. Wood superintends it himself, and gives daily attendance; there is, besides, a teacher to assist in the various duties of this numerous School. The branches of education taught are Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. Geography has lately been added, which is taught to those who have distinguished themselves, and as a reward of merit. Children are admitted of all ages, from five and six to thirteen and fourteen; the fees are Sixpence per month; books, slates, &c. are furnished to the pupils.

The School assembles in one large room; upon entering which, you find the numerous crowd subdivided into a great variety of different classes, arranged in a circular form, each under its own monitor. It is very observable, that so completely is every little scholar engrossed with his work, that the presence of any number of strangers does not interrupt the system, but it proceeds, and every one goes on with his task, and brings forward the exercise proposed. The discipline is, also, so good and efficient, that though the numbers are very great, we have seen a little School of twenty children more noisy, and far more difficult to manage;—every thing proceeds systematically and regularly. The greatest harmony and good humour seemed to prevail in this interesting assembly.

We examined the Writing, and found it extremely good. The Reading, too, was excellent, a distinct and full-toned enunciation is communicated, that makes it very agreeable to listen to. We were gratified by an examination of the highest class. The portion selected for their reading was Thomson's Hymn to the Deity. They were thoroughly examined in the grammar and construction of the piece, and on the mean-

ing of the words employed, their roots and derivatives, with all of which they displayed such a deep and ready acquaintance as would make many blush who have gone through all the formalities of a College education. Indeed we did feel, that we should have been puzzled ourselves with some of the questions which these urchins solved with the rapidity of thought. They explained the style of the composition,—pointed out the metaphors used,—explained what metaphors meant,—showed where analogy was employed,—explained its meaning,—displayed an acquaintance with the solar system,—and, above all, a minute and intimate acquaintance with the religious truth and moral obligation. We were particularly struck with one poor blind boy: his answers were most prompt and acute: he explained the different senses of the body; and our feelings were touched as he pathetically observed, that he had only four himself; his kind instructor, however consoled him by telling him, that his four were worth the five of most other people, he made so good a use of them.

The means employed by which this great quantity of knowledge is imparted to these children, are of the most simple kind. There are here no heavy tasks imposed, no committing long passages to memory, which oppress the mind, without improving it. The children are made to exercise their own understandings from the moment they enter the School. There is even no formal book of grammar taught, from which the pupils are compelled to learn off rules, which they can scarcely understand. The rules of grammar are familiarly taught from the daily lessons as they occur. A series of books has been compiled by Mr. Wood, for the use of the school, which we should rejoice much to see in general use, as we are confident they must improve the system of teaching wherever they are introduced. In these books, the pupil is led on step by step; there is nothing taught which he may not



easily understand; and care is taken that the lesson shall, besides an exercise in reading, contain something instructive and interesting. The Bible is also a standard school-book, and the most familiar and accurate acquaintance with its contents seems to be imparted.

Nothing can be more pleasing than to contemplate a Seminary of this kind. The fees are so very moderate, that the poorest may send their children, or get some charitable people to do it for them—while the education they receive is of so excellent a kind, that the richest cannot educate their children more thoroughly or better. What the effect of this, and similar institutions, may be upon the character of our people, may form an interesting speculation. For ourselves, we contemplate the prospect with unmingled pleasure and delight; and most firmly believe, that the people at large will discharge all their duties in a more perfect manner,—be better men and women,—and better subjects of the State, the more completely and perfectly they are educated.

The Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson has also opened a School on the same principles as that now described, for the children of his extensive parish. When we state that he himself devotes much of his time, and applies his splendid abilities to bring this School to perfection, the public will readily believe that it must be of a very superior order. The number of scholars is about 200.

It does seem a very curious circumstance, but it is nevertheless true, that the education of the children of people in the lower ranks is conducted upon a system far superior to that of the children of the higher ranks. We can boast of no Schools of equal excellence with those now described, for the last description of children. The general system upon which the knowledge of our own language is communicated to genteel children is exceedingly defective. Instead of cultivating their understandings and powers of mind and judgment, the

children are exercised very commonly in long and useless recitations, which, indeed, give them an opportunity for display, and please the vanity of parents, but are worse than useless; and Geography is most commonly taught as a dry, barren catalogue of names and distances. We rejoice therefore, to observe, that there is a probability of this state of things coming to an end, and of the system of education followed for the important class of the community now alluded to being signally improved.

A proposal has been issued, "For the establishment of a School, in the New Town of Edinburgh, for teaching English, Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography;" which we feel happy to insert here, in order to give it as wide a publicity as possible:

"The education of the children of the poorer classes in Edinburgh has been conducted for some time in such a manner, as not merely to obtain the applause, but even to excite the admiration of all who have witnessed it. Of this several examples might be adduced; but at present, particular reference is made to the Sessional School, formerly taught in Leith Wynd, now in Market-Street, to the east of the Mound, and to the School more recently established for the Parish of St. George's, in Young-Street, Charlotte Square. In both of these,—the former containing nearly 500, and the latter nearly 200,—a system of tuition has been adopted, so judicious and so excellent, as to give to the humble pupils who attend them advantages of which their superiors in rank and opulence have not yet been so fortunate as to partake, and which promise to elevate the character of our population much higher than it ever has been, in the essential points of useful knowledge, intellectual culture, and religious and moral principle.

"It is surely most desirable, and, indeed, has become indispensable, that the children of the higher and wealthier classes of the community should enjoy the benefit of a similar

mode of instruction. And, therefore, it is proposed to institute, in some convenient part of the New Town, a School for teaching English, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, &c. and to introduce into it those methods which have been already pursued with such marked success, along with all the improvements which may from time to time be suggested,—to initiate the young persons attending it into a free and vigorous exercise of their understanding on every thing that they are called to read or to perform,—to impart to them as much substantial information as possible, on all the subjects that are level to their capacity,—to form them to habits of diligent application, as well as to cherish in them the love of knowledge,—and to instil into their minds, both by separate lessons, and through the medium of their ordinary exercises, the principles of genuine Christianity and of moral virtue.

“A School-house, with the requisite accommodations and apparatus, must be obtained: and it is thought that the sum of £3000 will be sufficient for this purpose. This sum it is proposed to raise in 300 Shares of £10 each,—no individual to hold more than two Shares.

“In order to provide for the interest of the capital, to liquidate the capital itself, and to defray all the necessary expenses of the School, the following fees are considered as equally sufficient and reasonable, viz. 15s. per Quarter for the Elementary Reading, and £1:1s. per Quarter for Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and every other branch that is to be taught. And these fees shall include all charges for coals, ink, the use of slates, slate-pencils, and servant’s allowance.”

We are glad to hear that the subscription is nearly filled up; and so confident are the projectors of this Seminary of its success, that a large and commodious School-house has already been purchased in Circus-Place, and there is every probability of the School being in operation in January next.

“We anticipate two most desirable results from the establishment of such a School as this. The first is, the direct benefits that must be reaped by all the pupils who shall attend it, from being educated on a most improved and excellent system. When we consider the class of society from which the children are likely to be drawn, and the important spheres of duty in which they are destined to move in their mature years, it is not easy to estimate the prodigious advantages that must follow from the introduction of a system by which their understandings will be better and more efficiently cultivated than they are at present. The second result is less direct, but more important, and it is the improvement which must be communicated to the mode of education generally by the establishment of this School. When the superiority of the plan to be pursued shall be proved by the most certain of all tests, the rapid progress, and the solid acquisitions of the scholars to be educated here, parents will become quite dissatisfied with the present system, and they will demand improvement. To this demand, teachers, universally, will be compelled to conform; and thus education, throughout the country, will be improved to a great degree.

Milton, in his Tractate on Education, wherein his enlightened mind, “fraught with an universal insight into things,” sketches out a grand and comprehensive scheme for the education of young gentlemen, says, that his plan was only the development of an idea “which had long in silence presented itself to me, of a better education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in practice.” The great ends of a perfect system of education are here briefly expressed. It ought to be as comprehensive, yet, at the same time, as easy and certain of acquisition as possible. We think that these important ends will be much furthered by the new School which we have

adverted to. It is a step towards realizing the idea of Milton, and of other friends to the improvement of our species: we therefore wish it every success; and we cannot re-

frain from adding, that the gentlemen by whom the scheme has been brought forward deserve well of their fellow citizens and their country.

## THE COURTENAYE FAMILY.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AT a small inn in a small village, little frequented except by those gentlemen of the road who are styled by courtesy commercial ambassadors, a young man, above the order of such guests, had taken up his abode. There was nothing, however, of mystery about this visitor: he was a student of one of the inns of court in London; and, possessing a taste for the picturesque, and moreover not being overburthened with money, he had chosen this retired spot for his sojourn during the long vacation. A few volumes, selected from the works of the best authors, a flute, and a sketch-book, were his sole companions; he lived all day in the open air, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," amusing himself with carving the name of *Rosalind* upon the trees. The curate of the parish, the only person in the hamlet at all acquainted with *Shakspeare*, immediately concluded that the poor youth was in love: but he was wrong—*Francis Mervyn* had not as yet felt the influence of woman's smile; nevertheless he was quite ready to lose his heart upon the first favourable opportunity; and it was this predisposition towards the tender passion, which led him to forsake the gaieties of a crowded watering place, for a romantic solitude, where, stretched for hours on the banks of a gentle rivulet, he would indulge in delicious reveries.

Delighted to escape from the dust and gloom of a set of narrow chambers in *Gray's Inn*, and deeply imbued with that spirit of poetry which fuds in the bud of the wild flower "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," the lonely quietude of the village and

its sylvan scenery afforded inexhaustible sources of pleasure. Sometimes he would seek a rustic dell, thickly spangled with that simple star, by shepherds called the *daies-eye*, "the *Danae* of flowers, with gold up-boarded in its virgin lap," and listen to the murmur of the glad bee as it came humming by, and the bubbling music of the running brook.

The church-yard was another of his favourite haunts. Resting upon the broken tomb of some departed warrior of elder times, green with the distillations of the mournful yew, he loved to recal the memory of ages past, the splendour of the feudal Baron, whose armorial bearings, carved in stone, were now fast crumbling into dust; and the hardihood of his stout retainers, who came to these dismal evergreens for the tough material of their murderous weapon, the English bow. But the deepest recess of a neighbouring wood, a spot which he could almost fancy the heart of *Ardenne*s, presented the strongest charm to his romantic imagination. Seated upon the wide-spreading roots of a knotted and gnarled oak, he passed the sultry hours in a *Midsummer day's dream*, in visions of the vanished Duke and the scornful shepherdess, of the fair *Rosalind* and the melancholy *Jacques*: then would spring up the bold outlaw *Robin Hood*, and his merry train of foresters, and, to crown all, legends of wild jagers, the wood kings and the *Wehr wolves* of the *Hartz* and the *Odenwald*.

Attracted by a vague report that there were pictures to be seen in a deserted manor-house belonging to *Sir Arthur Courtenaye*, our student,

one beautiful morning, determined to make an excursion beyond the boundary of his usual walks. Furnished with a pencil and sketch-book in one pocket, and a few biscuits in the other, he lingered so long at every spot which commanded a pleasing prospect, that the sun was beginning to descend ere he reached the park paling which skirted the demesne belonging to the ancient mansion he proposed to visit. The entrance-gate opened into a fine avenue of stately elms; it swung idly on its hinges, and Mervyn, not being able to find any one in the porter's lodge, which seemed rather the abode of one of the villagers than that of the hired servant of a great family, strolled up the green and vaulted aisle of nature's cunning work. It led directly to the great gate of the edifice: the stranger gazed with mingled awe and admiration upon the grey walls of the building, which presented a castellated front, flanked on each side by a square tower. The oaken folding-doors, studded with iron, were closed; and though the former drawbridge, now a flight of steps, extending over a moat drained of its circling waters, invited his approach, he felt unwilling to lift the massy knocker for the purpose of gaining admittance. No person appearing at any of the windows, which consisted only of a few panes of glass, deeply set in heavy frames of stone-work, he determined to seek some other mode of entrance. All was profoundly still; a few cattle were grazing quietly under the trees, and some vagrant sheep had descended into the dry moat, and were cropping the grass in its green channel. Turning the angle of the southern tower, the building assumed a more modern appearance—the windows were enlarged, the moat was filled up, and a low battlemented wall enclosed plots of flowers, cut into curious forms, and edged with box. Still there was no sign of a human being, though the neatness and order which every where prevailed shewed the constant attention bestowed by the unseen

inhabitants. Mervyn's farther progress round the house was opposed by a high yew hedge, closely clipped, and cut into alcoves at regular distances. He followed the course of the thick barrier until he arrived at an open arch, where an unfastened wicket permitted an entrance, and he found himself in an old-fashioned garden. It was spacious, and cut exactly into four parts by two gravel walks, which crossed each other in the centre. On this spot stood a large sun-dial, placed opposite to a flight of stone steps, leading from a high and wide terrace which ran along the western front of the mansion. There were many curiosities in each of the four compartments: two of them contained ponds, or rather basins, for gold and silver fish; the other two were decorated with fountains which had long ceased to play. A profusion of roses in full bloom, tufts of tall white lilies, and clusters of honeysuckle, reconciled Mervyn to the dull formality of the parterre; and there was a style of grandeur in the terrace which gratified his taste for the antique. The balustrade was surmounted by vases richly carved, and wreathed with gadding creepers, the passion-flower and the clematis, with their dark-green foliage and silvery blossoms. The setting sun shed a ruby glow upon the windows in the back ground, and bathed the whole of the building in golden glory. The scene altogether reminded the gazer of those exquisite pictures of houses and gardens belonging to the Flemish school which he had so often admired. The accompaniments were nearly the same: here was the peacock perched upon the sculptured parapet, and sweeping down his gorgeous train as he turned his variegated neck to catch the sunbeams; and here too stood one of those lovely female forms which the painter delights to study—a young girl simply dressed in white muslin, with her dark hair braided above a brow of snow, leaning forward to gather a garland from a large flowering myrtle which grew

in a tub upon the gravel walk. Her attitude was particularly graceful: one fairy foot rested on the step, the other, lightly raised, balanced her outstretched arm, whilst her white garments, gathered up a little in one hand, floated freely behind her.

Mervyn, sheltered from view by a pillar of laurel, indulged his eyes unseen; but as she turned to re-enter the house he emerged from his retreat. The sound of footsteps drew her attention, and she started on beholding a stranger. The student modestly explained the cause of his intrusion, and solicited permission to view the interior of the house. "Sir," replied his fair auditor, "I have no authority here, and dare not venture to sanction your admission: excuse my seeming inhospitality, but I cannot converse longer with a gentleman with whom I have no acquaintance."—"At least," cried Mervyn, desirous to detain her for a moment, "at least inform me how I may obtain my wish."—"The steward," she replied, "and the housekeeper, have power to grant your request; yet I am almost sure the application would be unavailing." She paused, and then deeply blushing continued,— "should you however determine upon the trial of their courtesy, may I ask you not to mention this meeting, which, though involuntary on my part, may subject me to unkind suspicions." The already enamoured youth assured her of inviolable secrecy, and again with redoubled respect endeavoured to prolong the interview; but she vanished through one of the windows which opened on the terrace, and Mervyn, unwilling as he felt to depart so unsatisfied, could not endure the thought of exposing her to the evil which she seemed to dread, and for that evening, at least, gave up all intention of penetrating into the interior of the Baronet's mansion.

He walked down to the village to seek refreshment; and though strongly inclined to enact Romeo in a moonlight ramble in the garden, he resisted the temptation, and bent his

steps homewards, cogitating all the way upon the means of making his entrance good in the guarded hall. Recollecting that a friend of his was intimately acquainted with the son of Sir Arthur Courtenaye, on his return he immediately wrote a letter to this gentleman, soliciting his interest for a written permission to copy a *chef-d'œuvre* of Claude, one of the treasures of the place, and despatched his epistle by the next day's post.

Mervyn busied himself with conjectures respecting the young female whom he had encountered at the manor-house. She was not, it appeared, mistress there; nor could he for an instant fancy her a menial belonging to the establishment; neither did she seem to be related to the steward or the housekeeper, though she spoke of them as having some authority over her. Once or twice he was upon the point of making an inquiry about her of his host, but, prevented by a delicate scruple, he resolved, it being Sunday, to attend divine service at the church in her neighbourhood, where he might have a better excuse for asking questions than that derived from an interview which he did not choose to avow, should she form one of the congregation. He took his station early, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the young lady walk up the aisle. She was neatly but very plainly dressed, and accompanied by a stern-looking woman arrayed in an old-fashioned silk, whom he guessed to be that formidable person the housekeeper. They both sat in the pew belonging to Sir Arthur Courtenaye, and Mervyn was again puzzled, for the inferior domestics were arranged in a seat behind them, and thus his fair incognita seemed to be merely the equal of the upper servants. Their eyes met once or twice during the service, and the lady blushed deeply as she recognized the stranger of the garden. Upon leaving the church he could not forbear a last look, though he took care not to excite the jealousy of the *gouvernante* by any conspicuous attention; and,

lounging at a distance up the road, he watched them into the avenue, without daring to advance and pay his respects to the sweet creature who had interested him so deeply. On his return to the Rose and Crown, he found his landlord solacing himself in his humble garden, and entering into conversation with him in the hour of leisure, he was soon gratified with this history of his new acquaintance.

"Ah, Sir," said mine host of the Crown, "it is a melancholy tale. The late Sir Hugh, you must know, was a proud gentleman of the old school, who lived in a sort of sullen grandeur at the hall. His family consisted of two sons, fine handsome youths both, but the eldest by far the most noble to my mind. Mr. Edward Courtenaye was beloved by high and low throughout the country, and upon his last return from college a match was talked of between him and the only daughter of Lord Brackendale. The lady was heiress to a large estate, and I've often seen her drive through the village in her coach and six, for that was the fashion with the gentry some five-and-twenty years ago; but she was dark and ill-favoured, and mean-looking too, considering her high origin; and Mr. Edward had cast his eyes upon the flower of the midland, a beautiful young girl, who was, however, neither rich nor noble. Her father had been a curate—but was now dead, and she and her mother lived in a small cottage, upon an annuity granted by some charity for decayed clergymen's widows. Lillias D'Almaine was the loveliest creature, Sir, my eyes ever beheld, and she was as gentle as she was fair, and kind to every body. There were few people who did not secretly wish to see her united to the young Squire: for though she had not a bit of pride in her, somehow our wealthiest yeomen were dashed by the elegance of her manners, and dared not make bold to ask her in marriage, especially when they saw how much Mr. Edward admired her;

and I am quite certain that the young gentleman, good and honourable as he was, had no base views, but would have made her his wife in the face of day, if his father had not interfered. The proud Baronet, however, would not hear of such a degradation, as he called it; threatened to disinherit his son, and obliged him to quit the country. We all saw how poor Miss Lillias pined in his absence; I don't think she ever held up her head after. Well, Sir, Miss Brackendale was very angry at Mr. Edward's refusal, one might say, of her hand; and Sir Hugh, not liking to see such a fine estate go out of the family, persuaded her to marry his second son, and the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. Two or three years passed away, and some said that the Squire had forgotten his first love, but I believe that there was not any truth in the report, and it is certain that the old gentleman always looked upon both mother and daughter with an evil eye. I have seen him brush by them, as they stood in the aisle of the church to let him pass, with an air of scorn very unbecoming that sacred place. Mrs. D'Almaine was, I believe, much disappointed by his obstinacy. She had cherished hopes of the advancement of her child; and when she saw that Lillias could not overcome her early attachment, or make up her mind to marry another—for her beauty always commanded suitors, and she had one or two very eligible offers, after Mr. Edward's departure—she began to fret about the forlorn situation to which her daughter would be reduced when her eyes were closed in death—an event which, from her state of health, could not be very far off. This anxiety had a bad effect upon her weak frame, and after languishing for some months, she was struck with a mortal disease, which carried her to the grave. Desolate, indeed, was the state of the poor orphan. She had not a friend in the world except Mr. Edward, and as things turned out, she did wrong to depend even upon his kindness:



the annuity ceased with her mother's life, and after the funeral was over, I question whether she had as much as ten pounds that she could call her own. Brought up as she had been like a lady, we must pity rather than condemn her for her fall from virtue; at least, Sir, I cannot help thinking that something might be said in extenuation of her conduct: she went away from the village, and we did not hear any thing more of her for certain for several years, though it was the common talk that she was living with Mr. Edward upon the Continent. I firmly believe that if the 'Squire had outlived his father he would have done the young lady justice; but he was seized with a brain fever in Italy, of which he died. Miss Lillias very nearly lost her life by her attendance upon him, and when she recovered from a long illness, found herself stripped of all the property which he had left, by dishonest servants. It was with the utmost difficulty that she made her way to England; and when she landed her distress was so great, that she was obliged, although burthened with an infant girl, to perform the chief part of her journey on foot. People wondered that she could endure to return to her native village, covered as it were with shame; but her misfortunes had broken her spirit, and perhaps for the sake of her child she resolved to throw herself upon the mercy of the Baronet. She arrived at the hall very faint and exhausted, one hot summer's day; but Sir Hugh was not able to see her—he was lying speechless upon his death-bed. Mr. Arthur Courtenay was attending upon his father, and he, it is said, at the instigation of Mrs. Yates, the housekeeper, took pity upon the poor young lady, and desired that she should be taken care of. She was, however, past all human aid; fatigue, sorrow, and disappointment had fallen too heavily upon a delicate frame; and, by a singular coincidence, she departed from this world on the very day and hour in which the Baronet breathed his last. It

was a melancholy sight to see the two funerals; and though perhaps Sir Hugh might have been laid in his grave without exciting much grief in the spectators, yet no one could behold unmoved the simple procession which followed the corpse of Miss Lillias: they were both buried at the same time—the young with the old—the persecuted with the persecutor; and every body felt that if it had not been for the pride and obstinacy of the rich man, in preventing his son's marriage, and driving him abroad, his tomb would have been bedewed by the tears of filial affection from those who were now no more—the one mouldering in a foreign country, the other lying in the earth beside him. Sir Arthur was wonderfully depressed by the melancholy scene, and has never, to my knowledge, visited the hall since, although the Baronet and Miss D'Almaine have been dead sixteen years. He placed his brother's orphan child, who had been named Lillias after her mother, under the care of the housekeeper, who has the charge of her to this day; and a sweet young lady she is, inheriting the beauty and the good qualities of both her parents. She leads but a melancholy life at the hall, poor thing, for she holds herself—and there's no one can blame her—above the common sort. Mrs. Yates is but a cross-grained sort of a person; and high-minded enough for a queen: so she has taken offence, because the vicar's lady, who would willingly notice Miss Lillias, does not choose to admit her visits; and upon the pretence that a young person, whose mother was so unfortunate, is a great charge, Mrs. Yates will scarcely permit her to be a moment out of her sight, much less allow her to associate with families who cannot condescend to receive her as their guest.<sup>27</sup>

Mervyn was inexpressibly interested by the landlord's tale; the dreams of his imagination faded away, and every reverie was filled with the gentle Lillias. Deeming it prudent to await an answer to his

letter before he made any attempt upon the hall, he spent the remainder of the day in a sequestered glade, where the cheerful voices of the villagers, the joyous shout and the jocund laugh, came at intervals upon the breeze, and the evening bells from the rustic steeple chimed sweetly on his ear. Two whole days were spent in expectation; but Wednesday brought a reply from his correspondent, enclosing an order, signed by Sir Arthur Courtenaye, for the admission of Mr. Francis Mervyn to the hall, together with a permission to copy the picture.

Armed with these credentials, the romantic student inquired his way to the back entrance to the hall, the only one now used, and sent in his name to the steward. He was ushered into a very pretty apartment, looking into a court paved with black and white pebbles, and edged with borders of sweet herbs mingled with pinks, roses, and tufts of striped grass. Here sat an old man with a stupid countenance, poring over a book of accounts. Mervyn explained the object of his visit, and Mr. Dawson wiped his spectacles, perused the letter, and gazing upon him from head to foot, said it was very strange, and made his exit. A considerable period elapsed; and Mervyn, after glancing his eyes over the bright dry-rubbed furniture, and admiring the effect of sunlight through a half-open casement window on the dark oak wainscot and polished floor, which, with large blue-and-white China jars filled with flowers, that decorated the table and the hearth, reminded him of the interiors so often painted by his favourite Dutch masters, directed his attention to some drawings in water-colours pinned up against the wall. The name of Lillias, inscribed in the corners, revealed the taste and talent of the fair girl. They were simple sketches, evidently the performance of an untaught hand, yet possessing considerable merit.

The approach of footsteps disturbed his contemplation; Mr. Dawson

entered, followed by Mrs. Yates. The housekeeper surveyed him with scrutinizing eye, and put sundry questions to him concerning his alleged pursuit of painting. Mervyn was already too well versed in the subtleties of his profession to be thrown off his guard. He intended to pass for a travelling artist, and without directly compromising the truth, contrived to impress her with an opinion that he was wholly devoted to the pencil. Finding it impossible to detect him in any evasion, and being compelled to obey the Baronet's command, she consented at last, though with a very ill grace, to permit his free ingress and egress at the mansion. She led the way into a suite of apartments which ran along the south and western sides of the building: that in which the landscape of Claude hung opened on the terrace. There were few other pictures of any importance; the principal number consisting of grim portraits of the Courtenaye family, knights with their hair hanging over their shoulders, clad in polished armour, with dandified collars and ruffles of point lace; or justices of the peace in scarlet robes, brandishing rolls of parchment, and ladies as shepherdesses in hoops. Mervyn endeavoured to ingratiate himself with his companion, but made little progress. Her replies to his observations were cold and stiff, and fearful of betraying any undue degree of interest in any thing unconnected with his art, he began to make arrangements for his intended work. The materials had arrived from London, and early the next morning he commenced operations. Several days elapsed before he could catch a single glimpse of Lillias, so jealously was she secluded from his view; but he contrived to possess himself of information respecting the manner in which she spent her time, and resolved to make an incursion into the housekeeper's room at an hour when he knew that she was seated there at her needle. He had sometimes prevailed upon Mrs. Yates to yield him a little of her company,



and trusting that flattery never could be entirely lost upon a woman, he had sketched her portrait, taking care to make it ten years younger than her present age, and infinitely handsomer than she ever had been; but the gown, cap, and handkerchief were striking likenesses of those costly articles with which she loved to decorate her person; and so accurately were the lace and flowered silk represented, that there was no danger of the picture being mistaken. He put the finishing stroke to his work, and then suddenly rushed into her apartment, bowing and apologizing, yet not making the slightest movement towards a retreat when he saw Lillias, whose colour mounted high at his entrance. Mrs. Yates looked exceedingly wrathful, but was mollified by the sight of the picture, and in the surprise which this unexpected compliment occasioned, she actually forgot to give her young companion a hint to withdraw. Lillias therefore kept her seat. A few of her drawings lay scattered on the table; Mervyn dexterously made them the subject of conversation; and, when she naturally lamented her want of instruction, offered to become her tutor, and immediately commenced a lesson. Mrs. Yates looked and listened, but the young pair seemed to be entirely absorbed in light and shade, foreground and perspective, and her suspicions were lulled; indeed Mervyn dared not appear out of his assumed character, even to Lillias. Awed by the reserve and modesty of her manners, he repressed the lover-like effusions which sprang to his lips, and acted the enthusiastic artist to the life. It was the only method in which he could have succeeded in making the acquaintance of Miss D'Almaine. She had been told her mother's history, and though fondly cherishing the memory of one whom she trusted must have been more unfortunate than criminal, the stigma attached to her birth rendered her so sensitive, that she shrank even from the commonest attention offered by the few

gentlemen who had ever approached her; yet, not devoid of pride, she was painfully conscious of the deficiencies of her education, and she could not help feeling an anxious desire to profit by the superior acquirements of the stranger.

Mrs. Yates, after a little time, relaxed in her vigilance, and frequently left Lillias alone in the painting room with the student. The pencil was then abandoned, and Mervyn read poetry to his fair pupil, or conversed with her upon topics connected with literature and the fine arts. Unaware of the risk she ran of entangling herself in an engagement of the heart, the delightful girl hung upon every word he uttered. For the first time in her life she tasted happiness. Her forlorn and isolated state, the unkindness she had received from the guardian of her youth, were forgotten in the society of one so well calculated to please an unsophisticated mind.

Mervyn, falling every hour more deeply in love, now began to ponder upon the means of maintaining a wife: his patrimony was very small; and the neglect manifested by Sir Arthur Courtenaye to his niece, assured him that there could be little hope of liberality from him, even if he could bend his high spirit to solicit fortune, where he was so anxious to evince the disinterestedness of his attachment. Often upon the point of declaring his passion, and as often prevented by some unfortunate interruption, he received a summons to London upon business of great importance, which promised to delay him only for a few days. No opportunity presented itself of saying even a few words in private to Miss D'Almaine, and he departed with the expectation of a speedy return. He was, however, compelled to be absent nearly three weeks; and, upon revisiting his old quarters at the Rose and Crown, he was stunned with the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Yates, and the removal of Lillias from the hall. Sir Arthur Courtenaye, it appeared, had speeded from

London the moment that he heard of the housekeeper's illness, and immediately upon her demise had left the country, and taken his niece with him. Mervyn, though disappointed and much grieved by the sudden decease of a person with whom he had lately been upon terms of intimacy, did not entertain any apprehension

of losing the object of his love. He returned to the metropolis, and called at the Baronet's house in town; he went to Brighton after him, to Weymouth, and to his seat in Devonshire; and at last learned that he had very unexpectedly quitted England, together with his family.—What then had become of Lillias?

## DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[SEE VOL. III. PAGE 157.]

### *The Oldenburg Horn.*

**W**HEN Count Otto, of Oldenburg, on the 20th of July 1790, was hunting by Odenburgh, and was very thirsty, he wished for a draught of water. There came a fairy-maiden out of the hill of Oven with a costly silver drinking horn, which she placed in his hand, and invited him to drink, saying, that if he did, the house of Oldenburg would increase in might and power; but if he did not drink, there should be no unanimity or good understanding among his descendants. He paid no regard to her speech, but flung the liquor over his shoulder, and some drops of it falling upon his horse's back, the hair was immediately scorched off. The Count then rode away with the horn, which is still preserved and exhibited in the Museum at Copenhagen.

### *The Swan and her Golden Eggs.*

Somewhere on a height between Gisting and Vogenserup, in the bailiwick of Holbeck, a swan broods upon three golden eggs, each of which is a king's ransom. This swan lets herself frequently be seen in the neighbourhood, but will not suffer herself to be followed. A nobleman, who wished to take possession of her golden eggs, went early and late in quest of her, and saw her, at last, upon the height; but at the moment he bent his bow to pierce her, his

castle, which was not far off, burst into ruddy flames, and was presently burnt to the ground.

### *The Fairy Bride.*

A peasant went one day into his field, and as he was ploughing the earth, there came to him a beautiful woman, who pleased his fancy so much, that he promised to marry her. On the marriage night there was much feasting and rejoicing in the house. But when the bride-pair got to bed, the bridegroom found, to his utter astonishment, that he was embracing an oak-stump instead of a lovely woman; and, at the same time, he heard a mournful voice singing abroad at the chamber window—

"Come out to her whom thou didst wed,  
Upon my heath is rain'd thy bed."

From which words the poor fellow was convinced that he had had to do with an elf, or a fairy.

### *The Changeling.*

There lived at Christiansoe a man and his wife, who, not having caused their child to be baptized, at the proper time, an elfin woman, who lived in a bank close by, took it away, and left her own in its place,\*—which was so sickly and puny, that it could neither take meat nor drink, and would certainly have died, had not its mother come by night and suckled it. As the man and his wife had much plague and trouble with

\* The practice of changing their own imps for the unbaptized children of Christian parents, is very common with the elves, not only of Denmark, but of the Scottish Highlands, where a thousand stories, very similar to the above, are related.

this changeling, the wife, at last, thought of a way to get rid of it. Whereupon she called her servant-girl, and having told her what to do, she heated the oven as hot as she could. Then the servant cried aloud, in order that the elf-woman might hear her, "Why do you heat the oven, mistress?" To which the mistress replied: "Because I intend to burn this plaguy child." And when the girl had asked her the same question three times, and she had thrice given the same answer, she took the changeling, and placed it on the bread-shoot, just as if she were going to shove it into the oven. Then came, in haste, the elfin woman, snatched her child from the bread-shoot, and returning the child she had formerly taken away, to its mother, she said, "There is your

child again: I have treated it much better than you have mine." And, to say the truth, it looked plump, sleek and thriving.

#### *The Water-horse.*

One afternoon, several peasant children were playing by the Lake of Agor; when, suddenly, a tall white horse arose from the water, and tumbled about upon the meadows. The boys ran to look at it, and one of them at last mounted its back; but perceiving that the horse was then going to plunge with him into the lake, the boy, full of terror, exclaimed,—

"O, Jesus Christ, who died on the cross, Deliver me straight from this fiendish horse."

And instantly it vanished from beneath him.

---

### THE PIRATE.

THE evening breeze from the sea had cooled the sultriness of the summer day, though still the fervid sun shed its brightest and most glittering beams on the magnificent scenery of the surrounding landscape. Inesille advanced from the clustering garlands which draped the verandah, and still shaded by a towering acacia, cast her eyes on the prospect so familiar, yet so beautiful, that she who had gazed upon it from infancy thought she had never sufficiently admired it before.

Standing in front of a cottage situated in the gorge of a mountain, to the right the ocean spread itself a flood of molten silver, its gentle waves stealing on the golden sands of the shore which, sometimes narrowed by over-hanging cliffs, scarcely afforded a path at high-water, and at others, widened into broad esplanades, as the valleys opened through the giant barrier. To the left, the eye wandered over an extensive plain, clothed with wood, fertile with meadow-lands, and dotted with the superbly picturesque cities of Spanish

America, cupolas and spires covered with copper, and blazing like ingots from Potosi's mine in the beams of the sun. Opposite, and across the narrow valley a winding path-way (now hidden by the umbrageous foliage of flowering shrubs, and now climbing the topmost height of the crag, as if it hung suspended in mid air) was animated by occasional passengers; the patient sheep, loaded, in addition to its own rich fleece, with foreign wealth, toiled up the side, followed by its anxious master; and, beside the tinkling of its bells, wild music from the oaten pipe, and bursts of melody from the gay guitar, came in snatches as the breeze swept gently murmuring by, bringing the gushing perfume of the myrtle, and the orange-blossom which scattered showers of silvery leaves in every graceful bend of their branches to the gale. The turf beneath Inesille's feet was of emerald-brightness, and all around her arose gorgeous flowers red with the dye of the ruby, or heaped with golden clusters of the amethysts and turquoises, beds of ju-

cense-breathing carnations, and thickets of the blushing rose; and trooping round her came familiar birds decked in the splendid plumage of a southern clime, with their rich restless wings changing like the tints of the rain-bow as they courted the caresses of their mistress. Nested in the mountain, and curtained by a living woof of leaves and fruits and flowers, Inesille's home, though spacious and convenient, could scarcely be detected in the luxuriant wild. Below, a straggling town stretched its gay dwellings to the sea, a place of some importance and considerable wealth.

Inesille's attention was attracted from her flowers and her birds by the appearance of a vessel which glided majestically across the bay: it seemed to be of the largest class of merchantmen, and, at this season, was an unexpected sight, for not a single mast was now visible in this occasionally well-frequented port. She watched its progress until its white sails were hidden by a projecting cliff, and then turned again to the garland she was wreathing, and to the crested doves cooing plaintively at her feet. Bright as the blossoms which her fingers twined, innocent as the plumed favourites who accompanied her solitude, and gay as the playful kid that frolicked round her, the fair girl, amid so many beautiful objects of Heaven's creations, far surpassed them all. Fancifully and richly attired, her flowing ringlets were confined by bands of pearl, a cæstus of costly gems encircled her waist, her wrists, arms, and throat glittered with the same precious ornaments, and every clasp that fastened her graceful robe was studded with diamonds.

Time passed unheeded by with one so light of heart. The sun was shedding his last ray on that paradise of sweets, when suddenly the serenity of the scene was disturbed by the report of muskets and the clash of arms. A volume of black smoke burst from the neighbouring town, then followed a wild shriek, and then

a lurid flame gushed forth. Inesille sickened at the sight. Unable to imagine the cause of the destruction which she witnessed, she still continued to gaze, weeping for the miseries which others were sustaining, yet not fearing for herself. It could not be an insurrection, the inhabitants were too peaceable: an earthquake? no, there was not a symptom of that terrible convulsion: an accidental conflagration? no, there had been sounds of resistance, of force opposed to force, the rallying-shout, the battle-cry, and as these ended in one triumphant yell, a low wailing succeeded, dismal groans of men in mortal agony, and the stifled screams of women. "The ship! the ship!" exclaimed Inesille, and turned to seek a hiding-place; but her white garments had already betrayed her to the ruffian crew, five or six sailors had rushed up the hill-side through a grove which concealed their approach from her view, and gained the lawn ere she had reached a safe asylum. In a moment the face of the scene was changed, the birds fled in terror, the flowers lay crushed and soiled upon the earth, and their fair mistress, pale as marble, was on her knees beseeching mercy. At first the spoilers seemed only intent upon making a prize of her jewels; but to unclasp them all promised to be a work of time: a signal from below thrice repeated, and the alarm already raised upon the surrounding heights, decided the adoption of another measure: they seized the now fainting girl in their arms, and hurried her away with them to the beach, where boats were in waiting filled with plunder and on the point of putting off to the ship.

When Inesille recovered her recollection, she found herself lying on a bed in a cabin, and the motion of the vessel convinced her that she was fast receding from her native shore. She wept long and bitterly; but though she had never been called upon for exertion before, she was not destitute of courage. Aware that, thrown into

the power of a lawless horde of pirates, her situation required the utmost circumspection, she resolved to meet the exigencies of the moment with fortitude, and, by preserving her self-possession, endeavour to frustrate the designs of her captors, if they should be such as her fears suggested. Accordingly, when after the lapse of a few hours a sailor entered her apartment, she did not refuse the refreshment which he offered. He left her for a short time, and returned with a message from the Captain requesting to be allowed to speak to her, and she immediately appointed an interview in the adjoining cabin; trusting that, by granting him an audience elsewhere, she should avoid his intrusion in her own chamber. She received him with dignity, taking care neither to betray her terror nor her contempt. He was a young man, tall and athletic, with coarse features, which might have been deemed handsome but for their vulgar cast, and for the villainy which was imprinted in legible characters on his brow; his garb was rich and ill-chosen; and, awed from the familiarity of his first address by her composed yet lofty demeanour, he shrunk into his native awkwardness, and stood abashed before her. Inesille perceived her advantage, and tried to engage his avarice by speaking of her ransom; and though detecting a sinister expression in a countenance which struck her with dread, as he affected to admit the probability of her speedy deliverance to her friends, she was satisfied that she had at least gained something, and that even this brutal wretch would endeavour to conciliate her affection rather than attack her with rude language and actions still more horrid. He invited her to take the air on deck; and, promising to repair thither in the evening, she rightly judged, that, after this concession, he could have no pretext to detain her, and seized the favourable moment to withdraw.

Her own cabin, though not large, was commodious: it had been sup-

plied in her absence with a trunk containing several changes of female apparel, and every thing that could contribute to her comfort. She was glad to relinquish her torn discoloured garments for a supply so seasonable, and when summoned by the Captain, was ready to attend him upon deck. The licentious revelry of the crew alarmed her; but she still preserved the calm stately manner which she had found so imposing, and exerted herself to appear merely as a passenger who had nothing to dread. Vangrooter, the present master of the ship, half English, half Dutchman, was a little discomfited. Not destitute of pride, the wish to be taken for a gentleman combated with the passions of the ruffian; he determined to let her have her own way, trusting that his personal attractions would dispose her to regard him with tenderness; and, secure of his victim, the very novelty of endeavouring to win a woman's heart had something in it which pleased him. Inesille watched him closely, and the instant that his native grossness betrayed itself through the thin mask which he had constrained himself to wear, she complained of fatigue, and descended to her cabin.

The same sailor to whom she had at first spoken, and whose appearance was less disgusting than that of his shipmates, apologized for being obliged to intrude upon her for a short time, and, removing a table, he unfastened a trap which had escaped her observation in the flooring, and disappeared through it with his lanthorn and a basket. It was at least half an hour before he reascended, when, informing her that he had the care of a store, he promised to disturb her as seldom as possible, and retired. She secured the door of her cabin, but looked anxiously at a small window which opened upon the ladder, and through which a slender man might easily insinuate himself. Vangroober was a Hercules; but still the aperture prevented her from enjoying a re-

freshing sleep when she sought repose. Thrown into a situation so new and so distressing, it was with the utmost difficulty that Inesille supported herself. Still she clung to hope, determined not to lose the only charm of her existence whilst a chance remained of escaping from the perils which surrounded her. So young, so ardent, life was very dear; but she feared to lose a treasure still dearer; and to prepare for the worst, she took advantage of her present security to arm herself with a knife, which she resolved to plunge into her heart should any desperate exigence require this horrible alternative. The consciousness of possessing such a resource enabled her to parry Vangroober's addresses with some degree of spirit; but his awe was beginning to wear off, and she felt that the crisis was approaching. Above a week had elapsed since she had been torn away from her beloved and tranquil home, to become the associate of robbers of the worst description. In her visits to the upper deck she scrutinized the countenances of the sailors, in the vain hope of finding one indicative of sufficient goodness and intelligence to make her friend. The man who repaired to her cabin regularly once in two days to inspect his store, was the least repulsive; but, though civil, he eluded all her attempts to engage him in conversation. Perchance he had not the will; and when she reflected that, under the dominion of Vangroober, he could not possess the power to serve her, she dismissed the idea as too fantastic to be retained.

It appeared to her that the sands of her life were counted. At every fresh interview with her now declared lover, she expected to be called upon to perform her fearful project. She accustomed herself to the use of the weapon, that the stroke might be effectual, and recalled the slight knowledge which she had gained upon the subject to her mind, lest a trifling wound should throw her into the power of her enemy. Vangroo-

ber had once or twice been startled by the terrific lustre which this determination had thrown into her eyes; but he was not a man to be constantly baffled by a glance, and Inesille would have been called upon for the immediate exertion of her desperate resolve, but for an event which obliged him to delay the gratification of his licentious passion. The appearance of a strange ship was hailed with secret joy by Inesille, and with fierce delight by her companions. It came not, however, as a deliverer, but, on perceiving the warlike preparations of the pirate, sought safety in flight. A long chase succeeded, and then commenced the action: the combat was brief and deadly; three of the assailants were killed and their Captain was wounded, ere the vessel was compelled to strike, and the robber in possession of his prey. Inesille, when she heard the struggle, had indulged a strong hope that victory would decide against him. She rushed upon deck, imagining that even her feeble aid might be useful in the contest. She saw Vangroober, though bleeding, triumphant. She looked down in despair, and her eyes rested on the livid face of Thomas Markland, the sailor who had been accustomed to visit her cabin. Life was extinct in his breast; and, turning faint at the ghastly appearance of the corpse, she hastily retreated. Vangroober's wound inspired her with comfort: this was at least a reprieve, and she soon found reason for congratulation upon the change. Instead of indulging in amusements, nearly the whole of his time was occupied in the care of the ship; and the anguish which he sustained from a severe sabre-cut rendered him desirous to seek rest only in those hours which he could spare from his duty.

Several of the ship's company had been dispatched on board the prize, and the prisoners were placed in strict confinement until an opportunity should occur to put them on shore. Thus Inesille obtained a



suspension from her worst fears ; but as Vangroober's persecution declined, she was exposed to the solicitations of his mate, or officer, a creature still more abhorrent to her sight—a leering, swarthy, diminutive wretch, resembling an ill-hatched misshapen imp, rather than a man. She complained to the Captain of his insolent addresses, and though she perceived that the pirate dared not quarrel with his confederate, and was obliged to suppress the rage which her intelligence had kindled, she gained some advantage. A barricade was furnished for her window, to relieve the fears which she expressed of an invasion in the night, and strict orders were issued that no person should intrude upon her privacy upon any pretence whatever.

Three days had elapsed since this new arrangement, and, though comparatively at ease, Inesille, as night drew on, felt no inclination to sleep. Instead of repairing to her couch, she sat in pensive meditation, contemplating the gloomy prospect before her, and shuddering at the miseries which she seemed doomed to undergo when Vangroober should recover from his wound, an event retarded only by the robber's inability to refrain from his diurnal libations. An unusual stillness pervaded the ship, and in that dead silence she heard distinctly a long and deep groan. She thought at first that it must come from the cabin of Vangroober, whom her fancy painted in the agonies of death ; but a moment after his voice upon deck assured her of the fallacy of this idea. The groans continued at intervals, and it was soon evident that they proceeded from beneath. Her heart beat quickly ; some brute animal, or perhaps a human being, was concealed, and she felt her humanity engaged in the search. She was provided with a light, and, after removing the fastening, it was only by the utmost exertion of her strength that she succeeded in raising the trap. Lowering the lamp, she perceived the form of a man lying stretched upon the

floor ; and instantly recollecting that five days had passed over since Markland's last visit, she hastened to procure the sustenance of which this unfortunate object of his care now seemed so much in need. She was amply provided with food and wine, and in a few minutes she was kneeling at his side, like a ministering angel. Her cares were soon repaid ; the sufferer opened his eyes, and, though alarmingly weak, seemed to be in the full possession of his senses. He was young, and, even with the pallid hue of death upon his brow, strikingly handsome. Inesille contemplated the desolation of his dungeon with horror : a large sea-chest, which Markland had perforated in several places for the admission of air, and supplied with an interior bolt, served for his bed ; and, rendering it more comfortable by a part of the luxuries which composed her own, she assisted him to the couch now better adapted to afford him repose. By the judicious administration of small portions of refreshment frequently repeated, she soon had the satisfaction to see him recovered far beyond her hopes ; when the return of day obliged her to leave him to solitude and darkness.

Anxious and agitated, yet with renovated hope, she repaired to the deck ; and, fearful that the perturbation of her mind would be observed, she strove to divert the attention of Vangroober by assuming a degree of condescension and kindness equally new and delightful to him. Hours, which seemed insupportably tedious, wore away in secret watchfulness on the door of her cabin, and pretended interest in the conversation of her loathed companion. At length she was released, and when the midnight watch was set, and the danger of interruption lessened, her patient, now strong enough for the exertion, ventured to emerge from his den to breathe the purer air of a well-ventilated apartment ; and, seated by her side, he imparted his story in a low whisper to the listening girl.

"My name," said he, "is Henry Bellegarde, and my father was Captain and in part owner of this ship, which circumstances unnecessary to relate induced the English East-India Company to take into their service and charter for the China seas, though of a smaller class than is usually employed by them for that service. Unfortunately, during the early part of our voyage, an epidemic disease broke out, in which we lost a few men and the greater proportion of the officers. The purser, surgeon, the first mate, and several others fell victims to this scourge. The removal of these gentlemen by death inspired Vangroober and the villain Pardon with a project which proved but too successful. They incited the crew to mutiny, by persuading them to seize the ship and commence the more lucrative trade of piracy; and the confederacy was carried on with such secrecy, that, one night, whilst apparently in the greatest security, we were surprised upon deck by a band of armed insurgents, who rushed upon us, and soon effected their murderous purpose. We were only six opposed to a multitude. I saw my father and the friends who supported him killed in our gallant but fruitless resistance. I was immediately afterwards struck down, and fortunately fell close to the companion ladder. Markland, a man who, though deeply implicated in the mutiny, entertained sufficient gratitude for services which I had rendered him, to wish to save my life, flung a cloak over me, and whispered a direction to crawl down to the small state cabin, and conceal myself until he should come to me. I obeyed mechanically, and in the confusion and darkness escaped unseen. The bodies of the slain were hastily thrown overboard, and Markland, who was unsuspected of any design to spare me, contrived to make it believed that I had shared the same fate. He joined me in a short time, and with his assistance I descended to the place in which you found me. My wound was deep, but

not dangerous, and almost by a miracle I have been preserved from detection and death."

Inesille, in return, related her story; and Bellegarde, when made acquainted with the division of the ship's company, and the number of foreign prisoners retained on board, instantly saw a chance of recovering the ship from the hands of the pirate. He charged his fair companion to catch, if possible, the names of all the sailors who navigated the vessel; as, aware of many traits in the character of each individual, he should then be able to guess whether he should be likely to find coadjutors in his scheme; a circumstance not improbable, as many would have been drawn into rebellion against their wishes, and these were the men whom Vangroober would choose to retain under his own eye, whilst he surrendered the care of the prize to those on whom he could best depend.

Inesille on the morrow was all eye and ear. Perfectly acquainted with the English language, she made herself mistress of the appellations of her shipmates, and under different pretences asked many questions which led to the knowledge of several interesting particulars. She learned the exact place of the prisoners' confinement, and their numbers: for Vangroober, considering her as quite reconciled to her situation, and secure of the impossibility of any danger from a creature so entirely in his power, was careless of any information which she might obtain. Indeed it would have been of little service without the assistance of Bellegarde. To him she imparted the result of her observations, when the return of night afforded an opportunity for an interview, and he resolved to make an attempt upon the ensuing evening. In her muster-roll of names he felt assured that he should find one friend, a man called Griffith, and they arranged their plan of operations in the following manner. Inesille was to invite Vangroober and Hudson to sup with her in the great cabin, under the pretence of cele-



brating her birth-day ; and whilst engaged in this revel, Bellegarde proposed to steal through the window of her cabin, to gain the deck, shut down the hatches upon the party below, and thence shape his course according to circumstances ; surprise the sentinel who had the custody of the prisoners, or make himself known to such of the crew as he thought most inclined to support him. This enterprise was desperately hazardous ; but the exigencies of the time would not admit of hesitation, failure would only accelerate a destiny which they had no other chance of avoiding.

Inecillo on the succeeding day found occasion for every mental faculty. Her presence of mind did not desert her in the trial. She gave her invitation to the men she hated in the presence of both, and though each would have gladly dispensed with the company of the other, neither dared to express the secret desire of his heart. Affecting to be very busy in her preparations, she sought employment to conceal her tremors. The feast was to be the most magnificent that the ship could afford, and three of the sailors were ordered to attend upon her whilst she made her arrangements. In clearing the principal cabin, she took care to convey a good supply of offensive weapons to her own. She pitched upon Griffith as her chief assistant, who, more willing than dexterous, dropped a superb China bowl, which she had just filled with a rich mixture of wine and liqueurs, on the floor ; it was dashed into a thousand fragments in the fall, and the poor fellow instantly received a cruel blow from the brutal hand of Hudson. Inesille observed his agony, and the glances of indignation which he cast upon the savage when he thought that no one regarded them ; and advancing towards him, said : " You have incurred this outrage upon my account ; be at the head of the companion-ladder to-night at eleven, and I will reward you for your present sufferings ; I have jewels, but I dare not present you

with my intended bounty now, since your tyrant would deprive you of the gift." The man thanked her, and promised to be on the spot at the time she mentioned. She found a moment to inform Bellegarde of the appointment which she had so fortunately made, and, calling all her spirits to her aid, dressed for the reception of her guests.

The wished-for yet dreaded moment arrived which found Inesille sitting between the two pirates, at a well covered table. She had taken infinite pains in her attire, and now sought with equal diligence to promote the joviality of her companions. The viands were despatched with great glee, and then she dismissed the attendants, and challenged repeated bumpers to her health. She tried to seek courage from the same source : but wine seemed to add liquid flames to the fire already burning in her breast, and she eagerly swallowed glass after glass of cold water which fortunately stood beside her. Vangroober and Hudson drank off the toasts she gave, with rapture, joined their hoarse voices in chorus to her songs, and abandoned themselves to the mirth of the hour, whilst she, detecting in the midst of the uproar the slightest noise in the adjoining cabin, suffered all the alternations from bounding hope to despairing agony, feelings not unmixed with horror at the part which she was acting, in betraying even those wretches who so justly deserved the punishment of their guilt. It was evident to her that Bellegarde had left the place of his concealment. He was now upon the ladder. What a moment !—She turned her eyes with a strong effort from the door towards which they were but too apt to wander, and with an hysterical burst of laughter, apparently elicited by some ruffian jest of Hudson's, filled her glass to the brim with wine, and drained it as the only chance of retaining the power to continue her hateful task. The hatches were shut down ; but in the wild inebriation which now prevailed the sequel was un-

like; they then cease to tremble about life, when all is wanting that makes life desirable.

The rage for rebellion extends itself through the most distant provinces; trade and commerce are depressed; the ships disappear from the harbours, the manufacturers from their establishments, and the husbandmen from the desolate fields. Thousands emigrate to foreign countries, thousands of victims bleed on the scaffold, and yet a new multitude approaches. Heavenly must that doctrine be, for which men die so cheerfully! But the last finishing mean is still wanting: the bold enlightened mind, which would seize this great and critical moment of political clamour, and mature what chance had given birth to. The peaceable William devotes himself, a second Brutus, in the great cause of liberty. Superior to anxious selfishness, he renounced his kingly office, voluntarily descending to a state of poverty, and contenting himself with being a citizen of the world. The just cause is hazarded on the chances of war. But newly raised soldiers and a peaceable peasantry are not able to resist the advance of a well disciplined army. Twice did he advance, with his despairing legions, against the tyrant, and twice did they forsake him, but his courage forsook him not. Philip the Second sends as many succours as the greediness of his mediator made beggars. Fugitives, whom the country rejects, seek a home on the sea, and find, in the ships of their former enemies sufficient to satisfy their hunger and revenge. Pirates are changed into naval heroes, and a marine is formed of piratical vessels; a republic ascends out of morasses. Seven provinces at once break their chains. A youthful state thus becomes mighty by its union, its water floods and its despair. A solemn declaration of the nation dethrones the tyrant, and the name of Spain is blotted out from all their laws and regulations. A deed was now accomplished which could not be forgiven; and the republic be-

comes terrible, for it cannot recede. But factions interrupt its union; even that dreadful element, the sea, conspired with its oppressor, and threatened it, in its infancy, with an early grave. The republic sensible that its resources would be exhausted in opposing a superior force, throws itself in a supplicating attitude before the mightiest thrones in Europe, wishing to deliver up a sovereignty which, of itself, it is no longer able to protect. At length, after repeated solicitations, for the commencement of that republic was so despicable that even the covetousness of other kings despised its young pretensions, it forces its dangerous crown on the head of a foreigner. New hopes invigorate its sinking courage: but destiny has given it a traitor, in that adopted father; and, in the critical moment when the enemy is storming its gates, Charles of Anjou conspires against that liberty which he was called to protect. The man at the helm of the state falls by the hand of an assassin; the fate of the republic seems to be sealed, and all its guardian angels to have flown away, when William of Orange resigned his crown. But though the vessel is tossed about in the storm, its swelling sails want not the assistance of the helm. Philip the Second sees the object of the struggle lost, which has cost him his imperial honour, and perhaps the pride of his own conscience. Uncertain of the result, freedom obstinately contends with despotism; bloody battles are fought, a splendid succession of heroic deeds follow each other in the field. Flanders and Brabant were the school which educated generals for the succeeding century. A long and destructive war wastes the open fields; the conquerors and the conquered lie bleeding with mortal wounds, while the sea-girt state invited industry to emigrate, and raised the edifice of its greatness on the ruins of its neighbour. Forty years did this war last; the happy termination of which did not enliven the dying eyes of Philip, who rooted out a paradise from Eu-

rope, and created a new one from its ruins. He, who destroyed the bloom of warlike youth, enriched a considerable part of the globe, and made the possessor of Peru become poor. That monarch who, without oppressing his own people, could expend nine hundred tons of gold, exacted a still greater sum by tyrannical artifice, and was at last obliged to burden his depopulated country with a debt of a hundred and forty millions sterling. An irreconcilable hatred to freedom swallowed up all those treasures, and destroyed his princely life. But the reformation ripened under the devastations of his sword, and the new republic raised its conquering banner from the blood of its citizens.

The unnatural turn of things seems to border on the miraculous, but many causes united to destroy the power of this monarch, and to favour the advancement of this infant state. Had the whole weight of his power fallen on the United Provinces, there would have been no escape for its religion or its freedom. But his own

ambition aided the revolters, by obliging him to divide his power. The expensive policy of keeping in pay spies in all the cabinets of Europe, the support offered to Ligne in France, the raising of the Moors in Grenada, the conquest of Portugal, and the magnificent erection of the Escorial, exhausted his apparently immense resources, and prevented his acting in the field with boldness and judgment. The German and Italian troops, whom the hope of plunder alone had enticed to his banner, now revolted, because he could not continue to pay them: treacherously deserting their leaders in the decisive moment of action. These terrible instruments of oppression now turned their dangerous powers against him, opposing the provinces that still remained faithful to him. That unfortunate armament against Britain, on which he had, like a mad-headed gamester, hazarded the whole power of his kingdom, completed his exhaustion. With this armament sunk the tribute of both Indies, and the flower of Spanish bravery.

## SIGHs.

THINE is a sigh—that half suppress'd,  
Seems scarce to heave the bosom fair;  
It rises from the spotless breast,  
The first faint dawn of tender care.

There is a sigh—so soft, so sweet,  
It breathes not from the lip of woe;  
'Tis heard where conscious lovers meet;  
Whilst yet untold young passion's glow.

There is a sigh—short, deep, and strong,  
That on the lip of rapture dies;  
It floats mild evening's shade along,  
When meet the fond consenting eyes.

There is a sigh—that speaks regret,  
Yet seems scarce conscious of its pain;  
It tells of bliss remembered yet,  
Of bliss that ne'er must wake again.

There is a sigh—that, deeply breathed,  
Bespeaks the bosom's secret woe;  
It says, the flowers that love had wreathed  
Are withered, ne'er again to blow.

There is a sigh—that slowly swells,  
Then deeply breathes its load of care;  
It speaks, that in that bosom dwells  
That last, worst pang—fond Love's despair.

The following extract is from a work recently published in London, entitled, *Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, &c.* By Charles Waterton, Esq. The London Literary Gazette thus notices the work and its author: "There is so much that is good, so much that is absurd in this book, that we do not know how to give it a character, or to decide whether the author is in jest or in earnest on many occasions. The style is odd, the opinions odd, the sentiments odd, the descriptions odd, the stories odd; and, in short, the whole medley is odd, not even excepting the Natural History, upon which Mr Waterton has bestowed so much attention. It is impossible to laugh at all he says; but it is equally impossible not to laugh sometimes when, we fancy, he least means to invite that emotion. Mr Waterton is, we believe, a Yorkshire gentleman of good fortune, and so fond of the pursuit of natural science, that it seems to break out in him with a kind of annual quarten, and drive him every fourth year eruptively to foreign climes. The wilds of Demerara appear to be his favourite haunts on these occasions; and his four remedial treatments in 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824, are detailed in these pages. Sometimes, from the language, we guessed the writer to be a Quaker; but, from his earnest panegyric upon the Jesuits, we grew to the more correct belief that he was a Roman Catholic. We also gathered, from various proofs, that he was sentimentally inclined, addicted to the malady of fine writing, touched with the romantic, undervaluing England and its liberties, and an immense lover of the ladies in the United States—we mean in America, and not in the State of matrimony, as some careless reader might misunderstand us." His description of an engagement with a cayman, exceeds any thing of the marvellous we ever remember to have read, not excepting the wonderful adventures of Munchausen. After quoting a number of his exploits, taking a poisonous snake, called the bushmaster, fourteen feet long, alive, by tying up his mouth with his suspenders, &c., "but," says the editor, "our countryman was still more heroic in fights with crocodiles or caymans. Apollo and Python, Hercules and the Lernean Hydra, Saint George and the Dragon, More of Morehall and that of Wantley, may all hide their diminished heads while we recite the story of the conflict between Mr. Waterman, and the cayman."

"**WE** found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales, 'hoc opus, hic labor.' We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the creek, there was my own Indian Yan, Daddy Quashi, the negro from Mrs. Peterson's, James, Mr. R. Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and, lastly, myself.

"I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, I might do it myself; but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, "consedère duces," they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference.

"The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware, that if I tried to force them against their will, they would

take off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologizing for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sand-bank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was

firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunder-storm. 'Hoc res summa loco. Scinditur in contraria vulgus.' They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"'Brave squad!' said I to myself, 'Audax omnia perpeti,' 'now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and danger.' I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were, four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little tower of Babel group, in dress, no dress, address, and language.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trowsers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came,—'monstrum, horrendum, informe.' This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfast on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle.

"He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

"The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burthen farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the

heeded, and the agitation which shook her frame disregarded by men, whose brains were beginning to yield to the potent influence of the grape. She rallied again and again in the fearful interval which ensued, talked and laughed incoherently, till at length human nature could support no more—she started from her seat, reeled, and fell. Attributing her swoon to the effects of the wine which her companions imagined she had drunk, they rose, and each claiming her as his right, contended for the prize. Hudson was just sinking under the nervous arm of Vangroober as the door of the cabin burst open, and both were seized by a band of armed men, with Henry Bellegarde, like a spectre risen from the grave, at their head. Inesille recovered to life and felicity. Griffith had proved faithful to his appointment, and kept guard over the

hatches whilst Bellegarde hastened to liberate the prisoners: a work which he found comparatively easy, the remainder of the crew having followed the example of their officers and drowned their senses in wine. After a short struggle they were all secured, and the ship, no longer a terror and a scourge to industrious mariners, drew near to the shore whence her most beautiful prize had been so rudely snatched.

Inesille was restored to her home. Mutually indebted to each other, her courage and prudence having enabled Henry Bellegarde to perform a gallant enterprise with success, and as in the hour of danger fate had formed a most unexpected union between them, they resolved to share the happiness as they had shared the peril of their lives.

#### REVOLT OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS FROM THE SPANISH MONARCHY.

BY F. SCHILLER.

ONE of the most remarkable political events which rendered the sixteenth century the most splendid in history, appears to me to be the establishment of the liberty of the Netherlands. If the glaring deeds of ambition, and an obnoxious desire to conquer, lay claims to our admiration, how much more should an event in which oppressed humanity contends for her noblest rights, in which extraordinary powers associate themselves with a good cause, and the auxiliaries of resplendent despair are victorious over the frightful acts of tyranny in an unequal contest. Great and tranquillizing is the thought, that there still exists one succour against the insolent assumption of kings, that their plans, when most calculated to oppose human freedom, can be brought to nought, that a courageous resistance is able to unnerve the stretched arm of despotism, and an heroic perseverance can at length exhaust its terrible resources. At no

time was I so forcibly impressed with this truth as when reading the history of that memorable revolt which for ever separated the United Netherlands from the Spanish crown. For this reason I considered it worth an attempt to present that memorial of the strength of citizens to the world, to awaken in the bosom of my reader a cheerful sense of his own importance, to offer a new and unexceptionable example of what men can hazard for the good cause, and how much they can accomplish by being united.

It is not the extraordinary or heroic part of that event which incites me to give a description of it. The annals of the world have preserved to us similar undertakings, which appear more bold in their design, and more brilliant in their accomplishment. Many states crumble together with a pompous concussion, others rise on majestic wings. Neither must the reader here expect the achievements of an eminent colossean hero,



nor any of those astonishing deeds which the history of ancient times affords to us in such abundance. Those times are gone by; those men are no more! In the lap of human refinement we have allowed those amazing powers to relax, which the circumstances of former ages exercised, and rendered indispensable. With humble admiration we now gaze at those gigantic images, as a decrepit old man beholds the vigorous exercises of youth. Not so with the history before us. The people who appear on this stage were the most peaceable in this part of the globe, and less capable than any of their neighbours of such heroic deeds as give a higher colour to the slightest action. The urgency of circumstances surprised them with the discovery of their own strength, and forced upon them a transitory greatness, which was not native to them, and which, perhaps, they never again will have. It is therefore the very want of an heroic greatness which renders this event so peculiar and instructive; and, while it is the aim of other historians to exalt genius above fate, I here intend to present my readers with a picture in which necessity created a substitute for genius, and chance made heroes.

If on any occasion it be permitted to interweave a higher Providence with human affairs, it must be allowed in this history; for the event was contrary to reason and universal experience. Philip the Second, the mightiest sovereign of his time, whose preponderating power threatened to absorb the whole of Europe, whose treasures exceeded the united riches of all the Christian kings, whose fleet pervaded all seas; a monarch whose numerous armies were adequate to his dangerous designs—armies which were made hardy by sanguinary wars and a Roman discipline, inspired by an unconquerable national pride, and inflamed by the remembrance of past victories—an army thirsting for honour and spoil, and moving as a machine under the daring genius of its leader!—that dreaded potentate was

resolutely and obstinately bent on an undertaking which occupied the restless labour of his long reign. All these terrible resources of his turned on one object, which, however, he is compelled to abandon in the evening of his life. Philip the Second at war with a powerless nation, and unable to finish the combat!—And against what nation? Here a peaceable people, consisting of fishermen and shepherds, living in an obscure corner of Europe, which with much labour and difficulty is defended from the overflowing of the sea—the medium at once of their trade, their subsistence, and their torment;—a people who had a free poverty only, for their highest blessing, for their fame, and for their virtue.

The Reformation, whose gladdening morn now broke forth over Europe, shed a fruitful ray on this favoured land. The free citizen joyfully received the light, from which oppressed and melancholy slaves hide their eyes. A cheerful briskness, which generally follows abundance and freedom, stimulates the people to examine the authority of old opinions, and to break their disgraceful chains. The heavy chastizing rod of despotism hangs over them. An arbitrary power threatens to demolish the pillars of their fortune; the guardians of their laws become their tyrants. Simple in their politics as in their manners, they dare to put forth an obsolete compact, and to sue the master of both Indies for a *natural* right. A name decides the estimated of an act. In Madrid they called that rebellion, which in Brussels was considered as a lawful appeal. The grievances of Brabant required an experienced mediator: but Philip the Second employed an executioner, and the signal for war was given. An unexampled tyranny seized on life and property. The despairing citizen, to whom the choice was left between two modes of death, chooses the nobler one—to die on the field of battle. A prosperous and adventurous people love peace: but when they become poor, they become war-

like; they then cease to tremble about life, when all is wanting that makes life desirable.

The rage for rebellion extends itself through the most distant provinces; trade and commerce are depressed; the ships disappear from the harbours, the manufacturers from their establishments, and the husbandmen from the desolate fields. Thousands emigrate to foreign countries, thousands of victims bleed on the scaffold, and yet a new multitude approaches. Heavenly must that doctrine be, for which men die so cheerfully! But the last finishing mean is still wanting: the bold enlightened mind, which would seize this great and critical moment of political clamour, and mature what chance had given birth to. The peaceable William devotes himself, a second Brutus, in the great cause of liberty. Superior to anxious selfishness, he renounced his kingly office, voluntarily descending to a state of poverty, and contenting himself with being a citizen of the world. The just cause is hazarded on the chances of war. But newly raised soldiers and a peaceable peasantry are not able to resist the advance of a well disciplined army. Twice did he advance, with his despairing legions, against the tyrant, and twice did they forsake him, but his courage forsook him not. Philip the Second sends as many succours as the greediness of his mediator made beggars. Fugitives, whom the country rejects, seek a home on the sea, and find, in the ships of their former enemies sufficient to satisfy their hunger and revenge. Pirates are changed into naval heroes, and a marine is formed of piratical vessels; a republic ascends out of morasses. Seven provinces at once break their chains. A youthful state thus becomes mighty by its union, its water floods and its despair. A solemn declaration of the nation dethrones the tyrant, and the name of Spain is blotted out from all their laws and regulations. A deed was now accomplished which could not be forgiven; and the republic be-

comes terrible, for it cannot recede. But factions interrupt its union; even that dreadful element, the sea, conspired with its oppressor, and threatened it, in its infancy, with an early grave. The republic sensible that its resources would be exhausted in opposing a superior force, throws itself in a supplicating attitude before the mightiest thrones in Europe, wishing to deliver up a sovereignty which, of itself, it is no longer able to protect. At length, after repeated solicitations, for the commencement of that republic was so despicable that even the covetousness of other kings despised its young pretensions, it forces its dangerous crown on the head of a foreigner. New hopes invigorate its sinking courage: but destiny has given it a traitor, in that adopted father; and, in the critical moment when the enemy is storming its gates, Charles of Anjou conspires against that liberty which he was called to protect. The man at the helm of the state falls by the hand of an assassin; the fate of the republic seems to be sealed, and all its guardian angels to have flown away, when William of Orange resigned his crown. But though the vessel is tossed about in the storm, its swelling sails want not the assistance of the helm. Philip the Second sees the object of the struggle lost, which has cost him his imperial honour, and perhaps the pride of his own conscience. Uncertain of the result, freedom obstinately contends with despotism; bloody battles are fought, a splendid succession of heroic deeds follow each other in the field. Flanders and Brabant were the school which educated generals for the succeeding century. A long and destructive war wastes the open fields; the conquerors and the conquered lie bleeding with mortal wounds, while the sea-girt state invited industry to emigrate, and raised the edifice of its greatness on the ruins of its neighbour. Forty years did this war last; the happy termination of which did not enliven the dying eyes of Philip, who rooted out a paradise from Eu-

rope, and created a new one from its ruins. He, who destroyed the bloom of warlike youth, enriched a considerable part of the globe, and made the possessor of Peru become poor. That monarch who, without oppressing his own people, could expend nine hundred tons of gold, exacted a still greater sum by tyrannical artifice, and was at last obliged to burden his depopulated country with a debt of a hundred and forty millions sterling. An irreconcilable hatred to freedom swallowed up all those treasures, and destroyed his princely life. But the reformation ripened under the devastations of his sword, and the new republic raised its conquering banner from the blood of its citizens.

The unnatural turn of things seems to border on the miraculous, but many causes united to destroy the power of this monarch, and to favour the advancement of this infant state. Had the whole weight of his power fallen on the United Provinces, there would have been no escape for its religion or its freedom. But his own

ambition aided the revoltors, by obliging him to divide his power. The expensive policy of keeping in pay spies in all the cabinets of Europe, the support offered to Ligne in France, the raising of the Moors in Grenada, the conquest of Portugal, and the magnificent erection of the Escorial, exhausted his apparently immense resources, and prevented his acting in the field with boldness and judgment. The German and Italian troops, whom the hope of plunder alone had enticed to his banner, now revolted, because he could not continue to pay them: treacherously deserting their leaders in the decisive moment of action. These terrible instruments of oppression now turned their dangerous powers against him, opposing the provinces that still remained faithful to him. That unfortunate armament against Britain, on which he had, like a mad-headed gamester, hazarded the whole power of his kingdom, completed his exhaustion. With this armament sunk the tribute of both Indies, and the flower of Spanish bravery.

## SIGHS.

THERE is a sigh—that half suppress'd,  
Seems scarce to heave the bosom fair;  
It rises from the spotless breast,  
The first faint dawn of tender care.

There is a sigh—so soft, so sweet,  
It breathes not from the lip of woe;  
'Tis heard where conscious lovers meet;  
Whilst yet untold young passion's glow.

There is a sigh—short, deep, and strong,  
That on the lip of rapture dies;  
It floats mild evening's shade along,  
When meet the fond consenting eyes.

There is a sigh—that speaks regret,  
Yet seems scarce conscious of its pain;  
It tells of bliss remembered yet,  
Of bliss that ne'er must wake again.

There is a sigh—that, deeply breathed,  
Bespeaks the bosom's secret woe;  
It says, the flowers that love had wreathed  
Are withered, ne'er again to blow.

There is a sigh—that slowly swells,  
Then deeply breathes its load of care;  
It speaks, that in that bosom dwells  
That last, worst pang—fond Love's despair.

The following extract is from a work recently published in London, entitled, *Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, &c.* By Charles Waterton, Esq. The London Literary Gazette thus notices the work and its author: "There is so much that is good, so much that is absurd in this book, that we do not know how to give it a character, or to decide whether the author is in jest or in earnest on many occasions. The style is odd, the opinions odd, the sentiments odd, the descriptions odd, the stories odd; and, in short, the whole medley is odd, not even excepting the Natural History, upon which Mr Waterton has bestowed so much attention. It is impossible to laugh at all he says; but it is equally impossible not to laugh sometimes when, we fancy, he least means to invite that emotion. Mr Waterton is, we believe, a Yorkshire gentleman of good fortune, and so fond of the pursuit of natural science, that it seems to break out in him with a kind of annual quartan, and drive him every fourth year eruptively to foreign climes. The wilds of Demerara appear to be his favourite haunts on these occasions; and his four remedial treatments in 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824, are detailed in these pages. Sometimes, from the language, we guessed the writer to be a Quaker; but, from his earnest panegyric upon the Jesuits, we grew to the more correct belief that he was a Roman Catholic. We also gathered, from various proofs, that he was sentimentally inclined, addicted to the malady of fine writing, touched with the romantic, undervaluing England and its liberties, and an immense lover of the ladies in the United States—we mean in America, and not in the State of matrimony, as some careless reader might misunderstand us." His description of an engagement with a cayman, exceeds any thing of the marvellous we ever remember to have read, not excepting the wonderful adventures of Munchausen. After quoting a number of his exploits, taking a poisonous snake, called the bushmaster, fourteen feet long, alive, by tying up his mouth with his suspenders, &c., "but," says the editor, "our countryman was still more heroic in fights with crocodiles or caymans. Apollo and Python, Hercules and the Lernean Hydra, Saint George and the Dragon, More of Morehall and that of Wantley, may all hide their diminished heads while we recite the story of the conflict between Mr. Waterman and the cayman."

"WE found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales, 'hoc opus, hic labor.' We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the creek, there was my own Indian Yan, Daddy Quashi, the negro from Mrs. Peterson's, James, Mr. R. Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and, lastly, myself.

"I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, I might do it myself; but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, "consedère duces," they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference.

"The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware, that if I tried to force them against their will, they would

take off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologizing for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sand-bank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was

firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunder-storm. '*Hoc res summa loco. Scinditur in contraria vulgus.*' They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"*'Brave squad!'* said I to myself, *'Audax omnia perpeti,'* 'now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and danger.' I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were, four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little tower of Babel group, in dress, no dress, address, and language.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waist-band of my trowsers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came,—*'monstrum, horrendum, informe.'* This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfast on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle.

"He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

"The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burthen farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the

cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride :—

"*'Delphini insidens vada cœrula sulcat Arion.'*

"The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand; it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked, how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer,—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox hounds.

"After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in,

and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his tail, and by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from kicking up another dust. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. There I cut his throat."

## VARIETIES.

### MALESHERENES.

**T**HIS gentleman, who defended Louis XVI. before the Convention (a capital crime in the eyes of these ferocious monsters), was consequently accused, tried, and sentenced to death. His equanimity never forsook him. As he left the prison for the scaffold, he stumbled: "This," said he, "is a bad omen—a Roman would have returned home!"

### SILK WEAVING.

A. M. Le Brun, of Lyons, has invented a machine by which one man can weave five pieces of silk at the same time; the shuttles are thrown by a car, or, as it is called, a chariot. —It has been examined and approved by M. Jacquard, inventor of the machines in use. The saving of labour will be about four hundred per cent. i. e. what cost before four shillings weaving can now be done for one shilling. The Academy of Lyons intend to bestow on M. Le Brun the gold medal, for his valuable invention.

### ANECDOTE.

Beaumarchais was bred a watch-maker, of which he was *not vain* when his talents had made him known at court. A nobleman one day, wishing to mortify him, said, "M.

Beaumarchais, my watch does not go well; I wish you would look, and tell me what is the matter with it." "Excuse me, sir; I am so awkward I cannot do it."—"Nonsense, you must: here, open and examine it." Beaumarchais opened it, and feigning to look at the works, let it fall on the ground, and broke it in pieces. "There, sir," he exclaimed, "I told you how awkward I was; but you would not believe me."

### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

Kirby and Spence's Entomology, vols. 3 and 4, 8vo.—The Rebel, 2 vols. 12mo.—Hall's Medical Essays, 8vo.—Tiedman's Anatomy of the Fœtal Brain, 8vo.—Rhyming Reminiscences, in Comical Couplets, 18 mo.—The Naval Sketch Book, 2 vols. post 8vo.—The Sabbath Muse, 19mo.—German Popular Stories, vol. 2, 12mo.—Shakspeare, 1 vol. 12mo. with plates.—The Cambrian Excursion, 18mo.—The Reign of Terror, 2 vols.—Letters on Fashionable Amusements, 18mo.—Genlis's Memoirs, in French, vols. 7 and 8.—The Punster's Pocket-Book, crown 8vo.—Eustace Fitz-Richard, 4 vols. 12mo.—Abbot of Montserrat, 2 vols. 12mo.—Memoirs of the Margraving of Anspach, 2 vols. 8vo.